

John Mc Cann.

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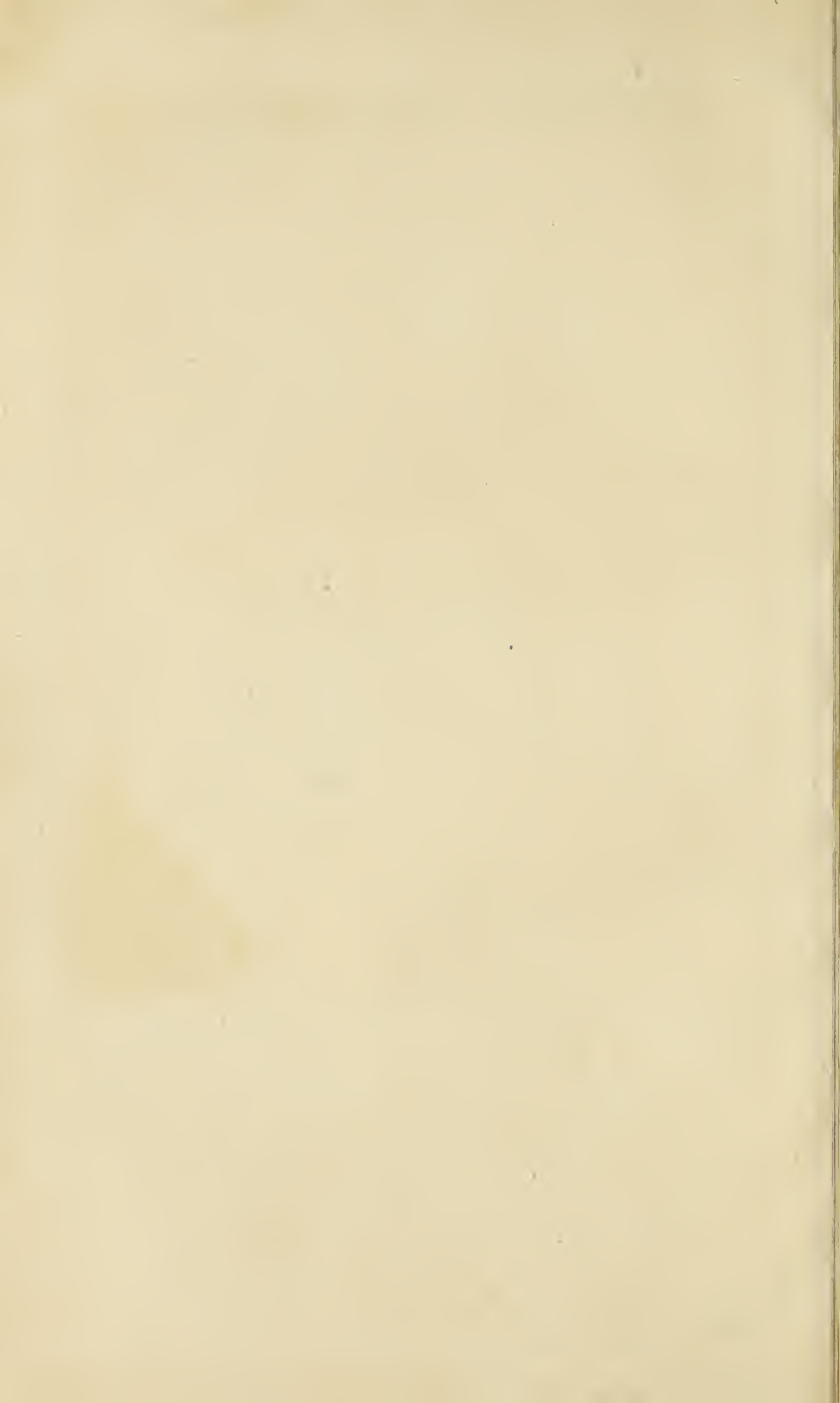
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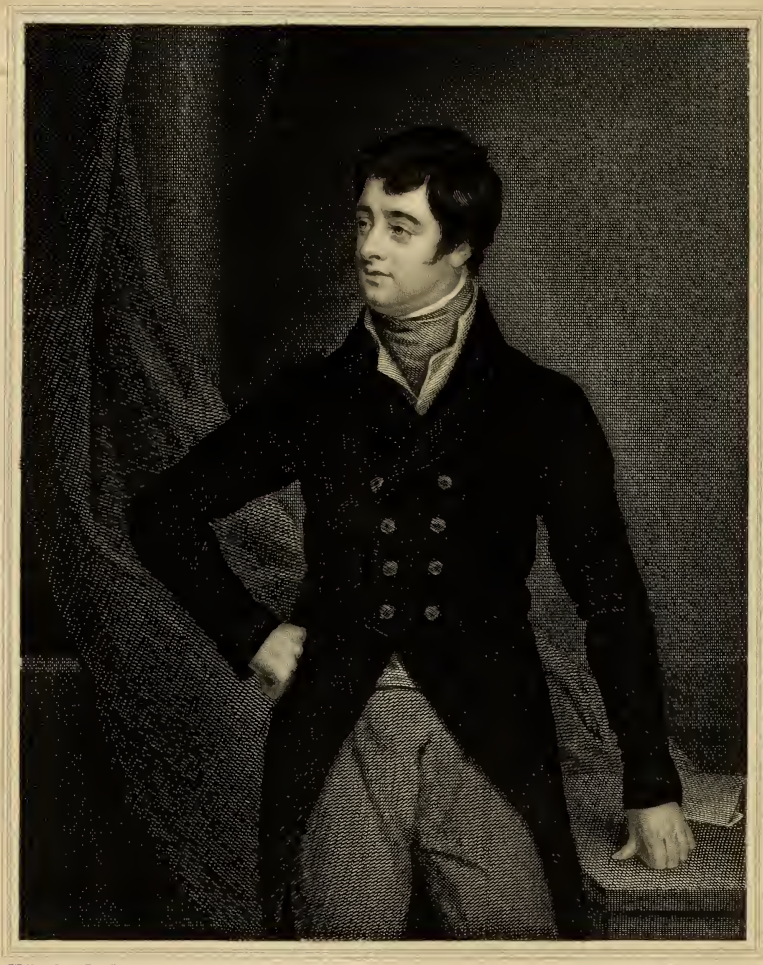
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IRISH 1798 COLLECTION





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your affectionate Son  
S. Fitzgerald

THE  
LIFE AND DEATH  
OF  
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Si sæcula prima  
Victoris timuêre minas, nunc excipe saltem  
Ossa tui Magni.

LUCAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*SECOND EDITION.*

LONDON :  
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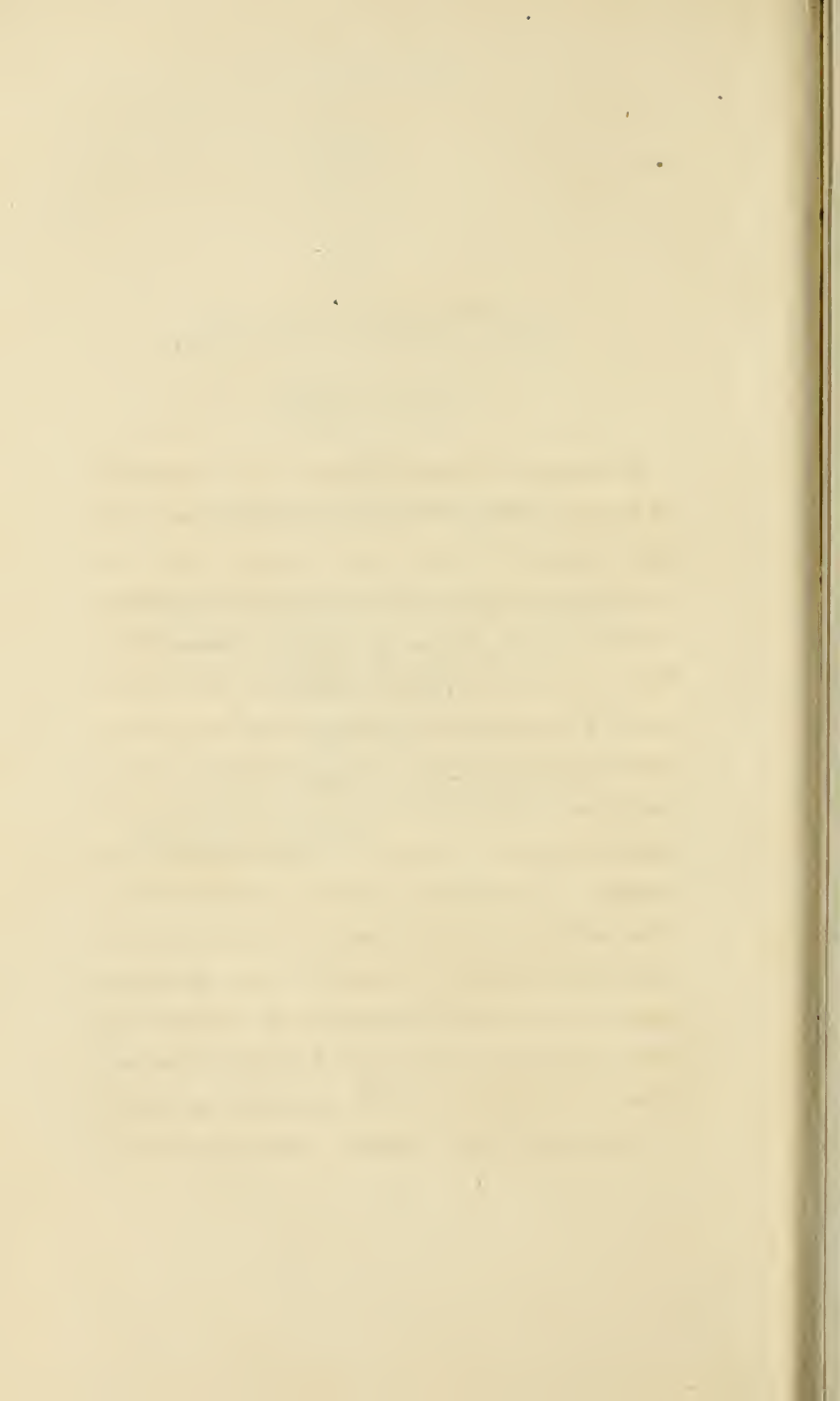
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TO  
MRS. BEAUCLERK,  
THIS MEMOIR  
OF  
HER ILLUSTRIOUS RELATIVE

IS,  
WITH THE HOPE THAT IT MAY NOT ALTOGETHER  
DISAPPOINT HER ENTHUSIASTIC FEELING  
FOR HIS MEMORY,

INSCRIBED  
BY HER OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THOMAS MOORE.



## PREFACE.

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IN order to guard against the suspicion of having been influenced in my choice of the subject of this work by any view to its apt accordance with the political feeling of the day, I think it right to state that the design of writing a Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been taken up by me some months before any of those events occurred which have again given to the whole face of Europe so revolutionary an aspect. I question, indeed, whether this fear, lest the public should mistake my object, and consider as meant for the occasion what is intended as historical, would not have prevented me, were I now to choose, from undertaking such a work at such a juncture:—but, *having* undertaken and

written it, I see no sufficient reason why I should shrink from publishing it.

With respect to Ireland, her situation at present is, in most respects, essentially different from that in which the crisis commemorated in these pages found her. Of the two great measures, Emancipation and Reform, the refusal of which was the sole cause of the conspiracy here recorded, one has already been granted, and with that free grace which adds lustre even to justice, while the other is now in triumphant progress towards the same noble and conciliatory result. That in the condition of Ireland there still remain grievances to be redressed and anomalies to be got rid of is too manifest to be questioned. But, instead of having to contend, as in former times, with rulers pledged against her interests by a system traditionally hostile to all liberal principles, my country now sees in the seats of authority men whose whole lives and opinions are a sufficient security that, under their influence, better counsels



will prevail; and though the traces still left among us of our “blind time of servitude\*” are unfortunately too many and too deep to be all at once obliterated, the honest *intention* will not be wanting, on the part of our present rulers, and a generous confidence in them will go far towards giving the *power*.

That I have regarded the task of writing this Memoir as one purely historical will appear—too strongly, I apprehend, for the tastes of some persons,—in the free and abstract spirit with which I have here entered into the consideration of certain rights and principles which, however sacred and true in themselves, are in general advanced with more reserve, when either applied, or capable of being applied, to any actually existing order of things. For the fears, however, that can be awakened by the assertion, however bold, of any great and incontrovertible political principle, I

\* Fuit enim illud quoddam *cæcum tempus servitutis*.  
—Cicero.

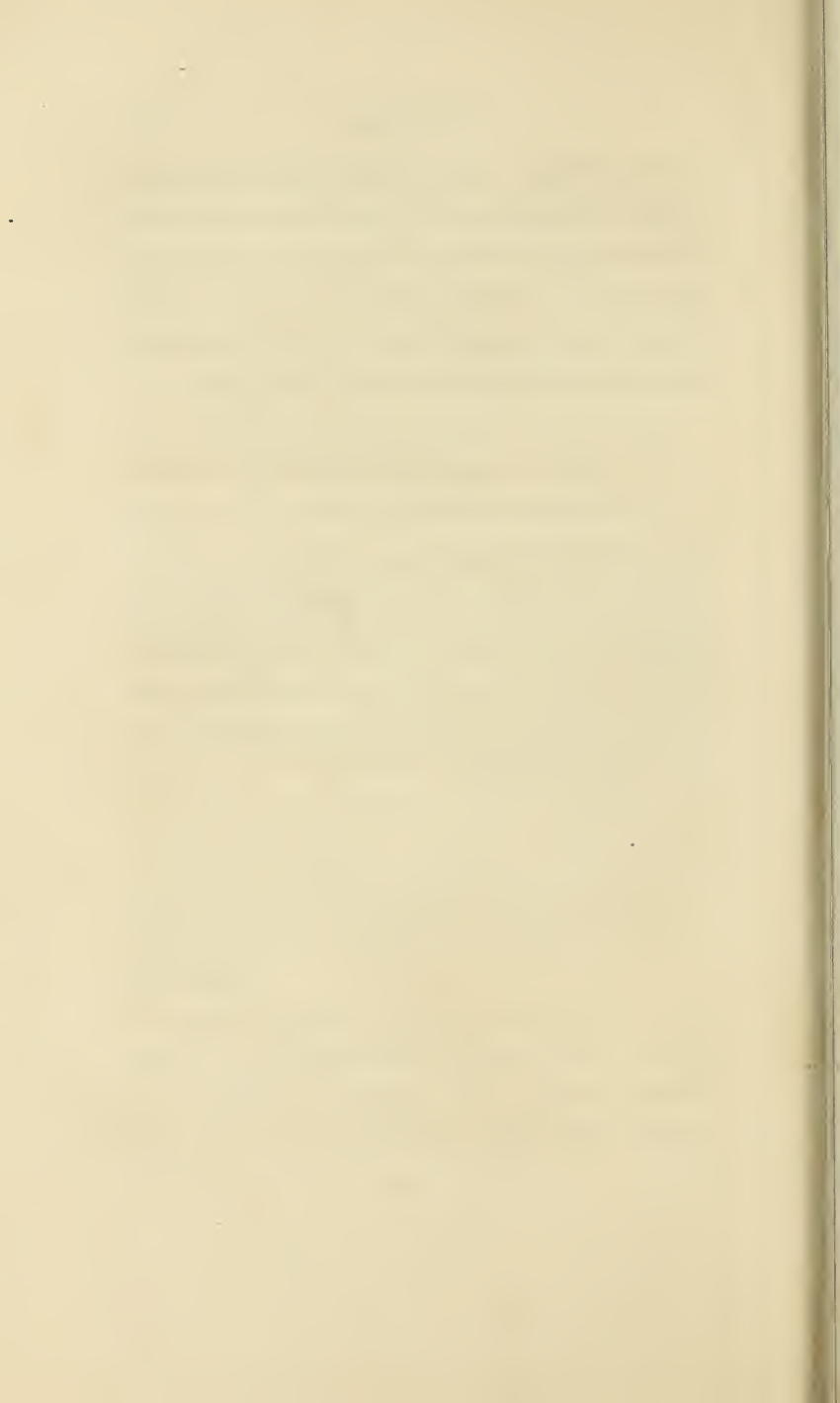
am not inclined, I own, to feel much respect or pity;—well knowing that under such fears a consciousness of injustice, either done or meditated, is always sure to be found lurking. Recollecting, too, from the history of both countries, for the last sixty years, how invariably and with what instructive juxtaposition of cause and effect, every alarm of England for the integrity of her own power has been followed by some long-denied boon to Ireland, I shall willingly bear whatever odium may redound temporarily upon myself, should any warning or alarm which these volumes may convey, have even the remotest share in inducing the people of this country to consult, while there is yet time, their own peace and safety by applying prompt and healing remedies to the remaining grievances of Ireland.

In the portion of this work which relates to Lord Edward's private life, it may be thought, perhaps, that my selections from his correspondence might have been

more sparing. But, besides that there is, in the simplicity and warm-heartedness of these letters, a charm which cannot but be attractive to most readers,—every word they contain answering so well to that description in Beaumont and Fletcher,

“ There is no art in ’em,  
They lie disorder’d in the paper just  
As hearty nature speaks ’em,—

the striking contrast which their tone of feeling presents to the troubled course on which he afterwards entered, appeared to me a source of interest too touching and singular to be, from any critical fastidiousness, relinquished.



THE  
LIFE AND DEATH  
OF  
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

---

THERE is, perhaps, no name, in the ranks of the Irish peerage, that has been so frequently and prominently connected with the political destinies of Ireland as that of the illustrious race to which the subject of the following Memoir belonged; nor would it be too much to say that, in the annals of the Geraldines alone,—in the immediate consequences of the first landing of Maurice Fitzgerald in 1170,—the fierce struggles, through so many centuries, of the Desmonds and Kildares, by turns instruments and rebels to the cause of English ascendancy,—and, lastly, in the awful events



connected with the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798,—a complete history of the fatal policy of England towards Ireland, through a lapse of more than six centuries, may be found epitomized and illustrated.

With the fate, indeed, of one of his gallant ancestors in the reign of Henry VIII., the story of Lord Edward himself affords but too many strong points of resemblance. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the son of the ninth Earl of Kildare, a youth described as being of the most amiable disposition and manners, but inheriting all his father's hatred to English domination, broke out, at length, into open rebellion, and after scattering, for some time, dismay among the loyal inhabitants of the Pale, was defeated, made prisoner, and, on the 2d of February, 1535, beheaded at Tyburn\* ;—

\* His five uncles, too, shared his fate. “ Three of these gentlemen,” says Holinshed, “ were known to have crossed their nephew Thomas, to their power, in his rebellion, and therefore were not occasioned to misdoubt any danger. But such as in those days were enemies to their House incensed the King sore against it, persuading him that he should never conquer Ireland so long as any Geraldines breathed in the country.”

thus, for the second time\*, but unfortunately not the last, bringing attainder on the princely blood of the Fitzgeralds, by a rash, no doubt, and miscalculating, but still noble thirst after national independence.

When Ireland, after the long sleep of exhaustion and degradation to which a code of tyranny unexampled in history had doomed her, was again beginning to exhibit some stirrings of national spirit, again was the noble name of Fitzgerald found foremost among her defenders; and the Memorial addressed by the first Duke of Leinster to George II., denouncing the political Primate, Stone, as a "greedy churchman, investing himself with temporal power, and affecting to be a second Wolsey in the state," marks another of those chapters of Irish history in which all the characteristic features of her misgovernment are brought together in their most compendious shape. This honest Remonstrance concludes with

\* The first Irish parliamentary attainder to be found in the Statute Book is that of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, in the reign of Henry VII. "for treason, in company with *one O'Connor*, besieging the Castle of Dublin."

the following words :—“ Your Majesty’s interest in the hearts of your loyal subjects is likely to be affected by these arbitrary measures ; as few care to represent their country in Parliament, where a junta of two or three men disconcert every measure taken for the good of the subject, or the cause of common liberty. Your Memorialist has nothing to ask of your Majesty, neither place, civil or military, neither employment nor preferment for himself or his friends ; and begs leave to add that nothing but his duty to your Majesty, and his natural hatred to such detestable monopoly, could have induced your Memorialist to this presumption.”

Of this public-spirited nobleman, who, in the year 1747, married Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, the subject of these pages, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was the fifth son, being born on the 15th of October, 1763. In the year 1773, the Duke of Leinster died, and not long after, Lord Edward’s mother became the wife of William Ogilvie, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family in Scotland, being the representative of the first holder,

of that name, of the baronies of Milltoun and Achnananie.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. Ogilvie and the Duchess of Leinster removed, with the greater part of her Grace's family, to France; and the Duke of Richmond having lent them his house at Aubigny, they resided for some time at that ancient seat. The care of the little Edward's education, which had, before their departure from Ireland, been intrusted chiefly to a private tutor of the name of Lynch, was now taken by Mr. Ogilvie into his own hands; and, as the youth was, from the first, intended for the military profession, to the studies connected with that pursuit his preceptor principally directed his attention. Luckily, the tastes of the young learner coincided with the destiny marked out for him; and, in all that related to the science of Military Construction,—the laying out of camps, fortification, &c.—he was early a student and proficient.

The following extract from a letter addressed by him to his mother during her absence at Paris will show what pleasure he took, at that boyish age, in preparing himself for the profession he was destined to:—

“ I have been very busy : I am now erecting a beautiful fortification in the Orangery, and am quite delighted with it. I wish you could see it ; for I know you would think it very pretty. When it is finished, I intend to put the cannons of both our ships upon it, and to fire away. What is the pleasantest of all, I laid it out all myself.

“ I also took a very pretty survey of the fields round the Garonne, and have (*though I coloured it*) made a very pretty plan ; and Mr. Ogilvie did not touch it hardly at all. I just coloured the borders of the fields, and left the inside white, which makes a very good effect. \* I did all the trees in Indian ink. I have now tired you pretty well by my boastings ; but you know I have always rather a good opinion of whatever I do.”

The future politician breaks out in this letter as well as the soldier. “ I was delighted,” he adds, “ to see by the last Courier that Lord North had been so attacked in the House of Commons, and that the Opposition carried off every thing. I think he cannot hold out much longer.”

In the year 1779, the whole family left Aubigny for England, where, soon after,



the young Edward made his first experiment of a military life in the Sussex militia, of which his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, was Colonel. It was not long before he became a special favourite of the Duke; and the knowledge he had acquired abroad in the art of castrametation had now, young as he was, an opportunity of displaying itself. An encampment being about to be formed for the regiment, and those intrusted with the task of pitching the tents having proved themselves wholly ignorant of the matter, Lord Edward, with the permission of his uncle, undertook to be their instructor, and performed his part in this extemporaneous architecture with so much adroitness as to excite general surprise. The following is his own account of the circumstance, in a letter to the Duchess, dated from Berner Camp :—  
“I have taken the first opportunity of giving you an account of your sweet dear boy; and that my letter may go down the better I write it without lines.—It began pretty straight and even, but I am afraid you will soon have a zigzag line. I am, however, sure you will not perceive it, your eye will

have got so accustomed to the zigzag walks of Stoke \*. Our camp is very pleasant, though the ground is rough and bad ; but when we have dressed it a little, it will be very beautiful. The Duke of Richmond has been very busy, and has staid out all day with us ever since we came to camp.—He altered the ground, which was quite wrongly marked out, and saw himself that it was right.—Before he let the men pitch, he left the pitching of his own company to me, and I was not one inch wrong. I like what I have seen as yet of my profession very much.”

Pleased, however, as he was with this preliminary step to soldiership, it was not likely long to satisfy the ambition of a youth who, as appears from all his letters, was burning with impatience to be employed on some of those fields of active service which the hostile relations of England had now opened in almost every quarter of the world. A lieutenancy was accordingly procured for him in the 96th regiment of foot ; and in the autumn of 1780 he joined

\* The seat of Lord George Lennox, where the Duchess was then staying.

his regiment in Ireland, uncertain, as yet, and, of course, anxious as to its ultimate destination. From Youghall he thus writes to his mother, who was then residing in Kildare-street, Dublin :—"We arrived here on Saturday, after a very wet march from five in the morning till four in the afternoon. I should have written to you then had I been able ; but I had so much to do the minute I had got dry things, in looking out for lodgings, in seeing the men settled, and getting my baggage, that I may say I have not been off foot till this moment. I am not, however, the least tired, though I marched every step of the way, and almost every day's journey after Carlow was twenty miles over rugged mountains. This is a very pleasant quarter.

"I am lodged with Captain Giles, and like him better every day. I hope I shall be in the transport with him. We have not yet heard any thing about the transport, nor of our destination. There are orders for three more regiments to prepare to go with us, and one of cavalry ; which makes me think it cannot be to Gibraltar, and this I am very glad of.

"There is to be a great assembly here to-night, and the misses are all in a great hurry

to show themselves off to the officers. I have a great many civilities from the people here,—not from the misses,—but gentlemen of the town, especially from both the Uniacks ; and the youngest, whom you saw, offered me his house, and has insisted on providing me with garden-stuff of all sorts from his country-house when we are to sail.”

In a letter to Mr. Ogilvie, a few days later (November 9), he says:—“I received your kind letter yesterday; it gave me a great deal of pleasure, and particularly so, when I found that your sentiments so perfectly agreed with mine. But indeed whatever mine are, as well as any thing I have ever acquired, are mostly owing to your affection for me, both in forming my principles and helping my understanding; for which the only return I can make is my love for you; and that I am sure you are perfectly convinced of. I shall certainly follow your advice, and stick as close as possible to Captain Giles, for I find him grow more friendly, if possible, to me every day, as well as more anxious to improve me as an officer.”

This letter to Mr. Ogilvie thus concludes:

“I wish we may sail soon, though we hear nothing of it yet. If you do, pray write me word. I have my dearest mother’s picture now before me: how obliged to you I am for it you cannot conceive. How happy should I be to see her! yet how happy shall I be when we sail!”

From the following extracts of a letter, written in the same month, it will be perceived with what zeal he already entered into the true spirit of his profession, and, though so anxious for promotion, yet preferred availing himself of the first opportunity of seeing active service to any advancement that might, even for a short time, withhold from him that advantage:—

\* \* \* \*

“I went from thence to Lord Shannon’s, where I met Lady Inchiquin, in the same old *marron*-coloured gown I saw her in when we left Ireland; only, indeed, I must say (to give the devil his due) that it was made up into a jacket and petticoat. Miss Sandford was with her; she is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humoured;—in

short, if I had had time, I should have fallen desperately in love with her ; as it is, I am a little touched. Lady Inchiquin and she both go to Dublin to-morrow. I don't know what sort of an account Lady Inchiquin will give of me, but I am sure Miss Sandford will give a very good one.

“ We have heard nothing of our destination as yet ; but I believe we are to go with the Royals, who are in their transports ready to sail for Cork. I wish we were gone. I hope when Lord Carlisle comes over, Mr. Ogilvie and you won't forget to remind my brother about a company. I hear Lord Buckingham is quite deserted\*. I suppose there is no chance of his being able to give me a company, though I think my brother ought to have got any thing almost from him. However, I do not wish to have one before we sail, as then I should effect an exchange with some captain in America with greater ease ; for if a company were to hinder my going out, I should much rather take my chance there. I dare say

\* The late rejection of the Declaration of Irish Rights moved by Mr. Grattan had rendered Lord Buckinghamshire's administration very unpopular.



Lord Strathaven, by being aide-de-camp, will get a majority sooner than I shall, though I may deserve it better; and as my brother had the naming of one of the aides-de-camp, and named Bury, I think if that is properly used, it may be of some help towards my promotion. If I had been to remain in Ireland, the situation of aide-de-camp would have been a very good thing for me towards promotion, but not towards learning my business and being a good officer, which you know is my great ambition."

The struggle which, in a preceding letter, he so naturally expresses between his regrets at leaving those he loved, and his impatience for departure, is thus further dwelt upon :

" Youghall, December 2d, 1780.

" DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,

" I cannot express how much your letter affected me. The only thing that could put me in spirits was a report that the transports were come into Cove. How odd are these feelings, and how strange must such sentiments appear to you, dear mother,

who are the only person I have mentioned them to ! I believe Mr. Ogilvie understands them ; he is the only person besides yourself I could mention them to ; so pray show this letter to nobody but him. How happy am I to have two people to whom I can thus express every sentiment of my heart !

“ Do not think now, dear mother, that I am in low spirits : I am still *le plus gai* and happiest in the regiment. I am very busy, and have a great deal to do with my company, which, as the captain does not mind it much, is not a very good one, and I have taken it into my head that I can make it better. You will think me very conceited, but I depend greatly upon Captain Giles’s instructions. I follow him very much, and he has been of the greatest service to me. I think by the time I have served a campaign or two with him, I shall be a pretty good officer. I like my duty every day better and better ; and you know that is one great step towards knowing it well.

“ Believe me, dearest mother, &c. &c.”

In the Army List for 1782, Lord Edward’s exchange from his first regiment



into the 19th is set down as having taken place September 20th, 1780. But the following extract from a letter to the Duchess, dated January 22d, 1781, will show that, at the time when it was written, this exchange had not yet been effected:—

\* \* \* \* \*

“As to that part where he desires me to ask leave for an exchange into the 19th, as I told Mr. Ogilvie before, it is impossible for me to get such an exchange except with the captain-lieutenants; and even of that now I have no hopes, for most likely the additional company will not go in the regiment. Now, suppose, instead of asking leave to get an exchange into the 19th, I were only to ask to be permitted to go out with that regiment to wherever they are destined, and there to be appointed to serve in some capacity or other; as I own his majesty's late promise has only given me a still greater desire to serve abroad; and even promotion would be unacceptable if it kept me at home, and deprived me of that pleasure. I do not think it unlikely but that the Foudroyant may convoy us, as we shall have, I believe, the grand fleet

till we get out of the Channel. Some people now say that we are going to the East Indies. I wish it may be; if we do, we shall come back as rich as nabobs, and I suppose I shall have some commissions for the Black Rock. So believe me

“ Yours,

“ EDWARD FITZGERALD.”

In a short time after the above was written his exchange into the 19th must have been effected, as we find him writing thus to his mother, on the 14th of February, 1781 :—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I have heard nothing more about my company, and must say, that if I do get it, it will not give me pleasure, as leaving the 19th when going abroad, to lead the idle life of a recruiting officer, does not at all agree with the intentions I had when I took leave of you; and the pleasure of seeing you, dear mother, which you may be sure is the greatest happiness to me in the world, will still not be the same as it would have been after two or three campaigns in America.”

It was not till the latter end of March, as appears by a letter dated from on board the London transport, that he set sail for his place of destination. He had been staying, for some days previous to embarking, at Lord Shannon's seat at Castle Martyr, and was, as the letter announces, to sail from thence in the course of three hours, for the purpose of joining the other transports waiting at Cork.

At the beginning of June, Lord Edward's regiment, and the two others that sailed with it from Cork, landed at Charlestown. Their arrival at this crisis was an event most seasonable for the relief of the English forces acting in that quarter, who were, by the late turn of the campaign, placed in a situation of great difficulty. The corps under Lord Rawdon's command at Charlestown having been found hardly sufficient for the defence of that capital, he was unable, with any degree of safety, to detach from his already inadequate force such aid as, in more than one point, the perilous state of the province required. Post after post had fallen into the hands of the Americans, and the important fort called "Ninety-Six,"

which had been for some time invested by General Greene, was now also on the point of being lost for want of those succours which the straitened means of Lord Rawdon prevented him from affording.

In this juncture the three regiments from Ireland arrived, and gave an entirely new aspect to the face of affairs. Though destined originally to join Lord Cornwallis, they were, with a prompt sense of the exigencies of the moment, placed, by the officer who had the command of them, at the disposal of Lord Rawdon, and thus enabled his Lordship, not only to relieve the garrison of Ninety-Six, but also to follow up this impression with a degree of energy and confidence, of which even his enterprising gallantry would have been without such aid incapable. It was, indeed, supposed that the American general was not a little influenced in his movements by the intelligence which he had received, that the newly arrived troops were "particularly full of ardour for an opportunity of signalizing themselves."

That Lord Edward was among these impatient candidates for distinction can little be doubted; and it was but a short

time after their joining he had the good fortune to achieve a service which was not only brilliant but useful, and brought him both honour and reward. The 19th regiment, being posted in the neighbourhood of a place called Monk's Corner, found itself menaced, one morning at daybreak, with an attack from Colonel Lee, one of the ablest and most enterprising of the American partisans. This officer having made some demonstrations, at the head of his cavalry, in front of the 19th, the colonel of that regiment (ignorant, as it appears, of the nature of American warfare), ordered a retreat;—a movement wholly unnecessary, and rendered still more discreditable by the unmilitary manner in which it was effected: all the baggage, sick, medicines, and paymasters' chests being left in the rear of the column of march, where they were liable to be captured by any half-dozen stragglers. Fortunately, Lord Edward was upon the rear-guard, covering the retreat of the regiment, and, by the firm and determined countenance of his little party, and their animated fire, kept the American corps in check till he was able to break up a



small wooden bridge over a creek which separated him from his pursuers, and which could not be crossed by the enemy without making a long detour. Having secured safety so far, Lord Edward reported the state of affairs to the colonel; and, the disreputable panic being thus put an end to, the regiment resumed its original position.

Major Doyle, now General Sir John Doyle,—an officer whom but to name is to call up in the minds of all who have the happiness of knowing him whatever is most estimable and amiable, both in the soldier and the man,—was, at this time, at the head of Lord Rawdon's staff; and to him, acting as adjutant-general, the official report of the whole affair was made. Without delay he submitted it to his noble chief, who was so pleased with this readiness of resource, in so young an officer, that he desired Major Doyle to write instantly to Lord Edward in his name, and offer him the situation of aide-de-camp on his staff.

This appointment was, in every respect, fortunate for the young soldier, as, besides bringing him into near relations with a nobleman so amiable, it placed him where

he was enabled to gratify his military tastes by seeing war carried on upon a larger and more scientific scale, and, it may be added, under one of the very best masters. He accordingly repaired to head-quarters, and from thence accompanied Lord Rawdon in his rapid and successful movement for the relief of Ninety-Six.

It was in the course of this expedition that Lord Edward exhibited,—or rather was detected in,—a trait of personal courage, of that purely adventurous kind which is seldom found but in romance, and of which the following particulars have been related to me by the distinguished person then acting as adjutant-general.

“Among the varied duties which devolved upon me as chief of the staff, a most material one was obtaining intelligence. This was effected partly by the employment of intelligent spies in various directions, and partly by frequent *reconnoissances*; which last were not devoid of danger, from the superior knowledge of the country possessed by the enemy. Upon these occasions I constantly found Lord Edward by my side, with the permission of our noble

chief, who wished our young friend to see every thing connected with real service. In fact the danger enhanced the value of the enterprise in the eyes of this brave young creature. In approaching the position of Ninety-Six, the enemy's light troops in advance became more numerous, and rendered more frequent patrols necessary upon our part.

“I was setting out upon a patrol, and sent to apprise Lord Edward; but he was nowhere to be found, and I proceeded without him, when, at the end of two miles, upon emerging from the forest, I found him engaged with *two* of the enemy's irregular horse: he had wounded one of his opponents, when his sword broke in the middle, and he must have soon fallen in the unequal contest, had not his enemies fled on perceiving the head of my column. I rated him most soundly, as you may imagine, for the undisciplined act of leaving the camp, at so critical a time, without the general's permission. He was,—or pretended to be,—very penitent, and compounded for my reporting him at the head-quarters, provided I would let him accompany me,



in the hope of some other enterprise. It was impossible to refuse the fellow, whose frank, manly, and ingenuous manner would have won over even a greater tyrant than myself. In the course of the day we took some prisoners, which I made him convey to head-quarters, with a *Bellerophon* message, which he fairly delivered. Lord Moira gravely rebuked him; but I could never find that he lost *much ground* with his chief for his *chivalrous valour*."

After the relief of Ninety-Six, Lord Rawdon, whose health had suffered severely from the climate, found it advisable to return to England, in consequence of which Lord Edward rejoined his regiment.

The calm that succeeded Lord Rawdon's departure from South Carolina, owing to the activity with which he had retrieved the affairs of the royal forces, and thus established an equipoise of strength between the two parties, could be expected, of course, only to last till one of them had become powerful enough to disturb it. Accordingly, in the autumn, General Greene, having received reinforcements from another quarter, proceeded, with his accustomed vigour, to resume offensive

operations ; and, by his attack upon Colonel Stuart, at Eutaw Springs, gave rise to one of the best fought actions that had occurred during the war. Though the meed of victory, on this occasion, was left doubtful between the claimants, that of honour is allowed to have been fairly the due of both. So close, indeed, and desperate was the encounter, that every officer engaged is said to have had, personally, and hand to hand, an opportunity of distinguishing himself ; and Lord Edward, who, we may take for granted, was among the foremost in the strife, received a severe wound in the thigh, which left him insensible on the field.

In this helpless situation he was found by a poor negro, who carried him off on his back to his hut, and there nursed him most tenderly, till he was well enough of his wound to bear removing to Charlestown. This negro was no other than the "faithful Tony," whom, in gratitude for the honest creature's kindness, he now took into his service, and who continued devotedly attached to his noble master to the end of his career.

It had been intended that Major Doyle,

on the departure of Lord Rawdon, should resume the station he had before held on the staff of Lord Cornwallis ; but in consequence of this irruption of new forces into the province, he was requested by General Goold, who had succeeded to the chief command, still to continue to him the aid of his local knowledge and experience, so as to avert the mischiefs which a total want of confidence in most of the persons newly appointed to command now threatened. Major Doyle therefore again took upon himself the duties of adjutant-general and public secretary, and proceeded, vested with full powers, to the scene of the late action, for the purpose both of ascertaining the true state of affairs, and of remedying the confusion into which they had been thrown. Here he found Lord Edward slowly recovering from his wound, and the following is the account which he gives of his young friend :—" I am not sure that he was not then acting as aide-de-camp to Stuart, as the 19th, I think, was not there. At all events, he had been foremost in the *melée*, as usual, and received a very severe wound in the thigh. At this same time,

Colonel Washington, a distinguished officer of the enemy's cavalry, was severely wounded and made prisoner ; and while I was making preparations to send them down comfortably to Charlestown, Lord Edward, forgetting his own wound, offered his services to *take charge* of his gallant enemy. I saw him every day till he recovered, about which time I was sent to England with the public despatches."

To these notices of a part of his lordship's life, hitherto so little known, it would be unjust not to add the few words of comment, as eloquently as they are cordially expressed, with which the gallant writer closes his communication to me on the subject :—

“ Of my lamented and ill-fated friend's excellent qualities I should never tire in speaking. I never knew so loveable a person, and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de cœur*, his valour almost chivalrous, and, above all, his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him. He had great animal spirits, which bore him

up against all fatigue ; but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits—it was a valour *sui generis*.

“ Had fortune happily placed him in a situation, however difficult, where he could *legitimately* have brought those varied qualities into play, I am confident he would have proved a proud ornament to his country.”

It may not perhaps, though anticipating a period so much later, appear altogether ill-timed to mention in this place, that when Lord Edward lay suffering under the fatal wounds of which he died in 1798, a military man connected with government, who had known him at this time in Charlestown, happening to allude, during a visit to him in prison, to the circumstances under which they had first become acquainted, the gallant sufferer exclaimed—“ Ah ! I was wounded then in a very different cause ;—that was in fighting *against* liberty—this, in fighting *for* it.”

It is, indeed, not a little striking that there should have been engaged at this time, on opposite sides, in America, two noble youths, Lafayette and Lord Edward



Fitzgerald, whose political principles afterwards so entirely coincided; and that, while one of them was fated early to become the victim of an unsuccessful assertion of these principles, it has been the far brighter destiny of the other to contribute more than once, splendidly to their triumph.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at York Town,—with which humiliating event the war on the continent of America may be said to have closed,—the scene of active operations between England and her combined foes was transferred to the West Indies, where, at the beginning of 1783, we find Lord Edward, on the staff of General O'Hara, at St. Lucia. The following are extracts of letters written by him from this island:—

“ St. Lucia, Feb. 4, 1783.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ In my last, I believe, I told you Gen. O'Hara was to command at Barbadoes; but affairs were altered, and we returned here to take the command of this island, which I am very glad of, as if any thing is to be

done, it will be here; and in the mean time we was working hard at the fortifications, which are very necessary; for although we have had the island four years, yet, either by the ignorance or indolence of those in command, nothing has been done. I am also of some use by talking French. Gen. O'Hara pleases me more every day, both in his public and private character. In his manner of carrying on business he puts me very much in mind of dear Mr. Ogilvie, particularly in that of not trusting what is to be done to others, but always seeing it done himself; and also in his eagerness in all his works. We have unluckily three block-heads of engineers (as they please to call themselves), who are not of the least assistance.

“ I was over at Martinique the other day, with a flag of truce, with prisoners. It was a very pleasant jaunt. I staid there a week, and received every civility possible from le Marquis de Bouille and the rest of the officers, but met nobody I knew before. It is a much finer island than any of ours, and much better peopled. St. Pierre, the capital, is a very fine town, and



full of amusements. I was at a ball every night. The women are pretty; dance and dress very well; and are, the French officers say,—to use dear Robert's words,—vastly good-natured. When I went over first, they expected the peace every day; but there came in a French frigate, called the *Venus*, with accounts that the treaty was entirely broken off, both with France and Spain, though settled with the Americans, and that Monsieur d'Estaing was to be out immediately. We are anxious to hear something about this affair, as the peace frightens every body.

“ I hope, dearest mother, you will get me what I have so long been troubling you about, and shall still persist in, which is a company in the guards. In that case I shall be able to see you, and not trouble you with sending any thing here. I have now been four years in the army;—but I need not mention *that*, as it does not entitle me to any thing. I only name the time, as people have had a company in less. In short, my dear mother, if you exert yourself, I am sure you can do it. If there do not come troops here, I can do nothing for myself. There are at present

only four regiments here in the West Indies; so that I look to Europe for any promotion I may have. If it were not possible to get the company in the guards, I might get the rank of lieutenant-colonel by going to the East Indies, which, as it seems to promise to be an active scene, I should like extremely. I see by the newspapers, and have heard by parade letters, that Lord Cornwallis is going to command there, which, as I said before in one of my letters, would be a good opportunity."

" St. Lucia, March 3, 1783.

" What would I not give to be with you, to comfort you, dearest mother! But I hope the peace will soon bring the long-wished for time. Till then my dearest mother will not expect it. My profession is that of a military man, and I should reproach myself hereafter if I thought I lost any opportunity of improving myself in it, or did not, at all times, do as much as lay in my power to merit the promotion I am entitled to expect. Not that the idea of promotion should enter into competition with the happiness of my dearest mother, if, as I said

before, I did not think my honour and character concerned. I am of my brother's and Mr. Ogilvie's opinion concerning a lieutenancy in the guards, and would not accept of one if given me for nothing.

“I am sorry to see my hopes of a company destroyed. The Duke of Richmond, in saying that he did not like to ask a favour, is, I think, wrong; for, as a minister, he does not ask a favour, the thing being in the gift of ministry. It is I who receive the favour from his majesty or his ministry. I shall, however, write to thank him for having interested himself at all in my behalf, hoping that *ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu*. I think my dearest mother might try Lord Shelbourne, who seems to have a great deal of interest at present. As you, however, have no interest to give him in return, I am afraid there is not much hope. If I cannot get this company, what I mentioned in my letter of February is, I think, very practicable, and what I should like still better, as giving me a better opportunity of doing something for it; for here there is nothing I can possibly expect, except being taken by Monsieur d'Estaing, who is expected out

every day. We have no troops in the West Indies, either to act or expect promotion with.

“ My brother wishes me to come home next spring to settle about my estate. I shall tell him that any arrangement he may make with your consent I shall always attend to. I own, if I sell entirely, I should feel afraid of myself; but, on the contrary, if I were to have so much a year for it, I think I should get on more prudently. If it could be settled so that I might have so much ready money, and so much a year for my life, I should like it better. However, you may be sure I shall approve of any thing you settle. As to going home, I shall certainly not go home about it.

“ I like the idea of going to Aubigny much, and am not like my brother Charles in hating every thing French: on the contrary, I have made a second trip to Martinique, where I spent a week very pleasantly. I met there with a very agreeable young man, the Duc de Coigni's son, colonel of the regiment de Viennois, who was in England some time. I am to go to his chateau to

spend some time with him whenever we meet in France. As he intends coming to England immediately at the peace, I shall have an opportunity of making him known to you. I do assure you that when I go to Martinique I am received as well, if possible better than I should be at the peace. Believe me,

“ Dear dear mother, &c. &c.”

Not long after the date of the above extract, he returned to Ireland, and, a dissolution of parliament having taken place in the summer of this year, he was brought in by the Duke of Leinster for the borough of Athy. How insipid he found the life he was now doomed to lead, after the stormy scenes in which he had been lately engaged, appears from various passages of his letters at this time :—

“ I have made,” he says, in a letter from Carton (August 3), “ fifty attempts to write to you, but have as often failed, from want of subject. Really a man must be a clever fellow who, after being a week at Carton,



and seeing nobody but Mr. and Mrs. B. can write a letter. If you insist on letters, I must write you an account of my American campaigns over again, as that is the only thing I remember. I am just now interrupted by the horrid parson; and he can find nothing to do but sit by my elbow."

Again, writing to his mother, who was then in England, he says:—

" Sept. 1, 1783.

" I cannot give a good account of my studies, nor of Blackstone; but I hope my Black Rock scheme will help that also. You cannot think, my dearest mother, how delighted I feel at your proof of love for me in not going abroad; as literally your being in Ireland is the only thing that can make me happy in it. If it were not for you, I really believe I should go join either the Turks or Russians; for I find, since you are gone, this home life very insipid."

For the two following years we are left wholly unprovided with that only safe clue through the lesser details of life, which letters, however otherwise unimportant,

furnish. This chasm in his lordship's correspondence with his family is thus, in a few words, interestingly accounted for :—"The interruption," says Mr. Ogilvie, "in the correspondence for 1784 and 1785 arose from my beloved Edward having spent these two years with his mother and me, principally at Frescati, but partly in Dublin and partly also in London. He was with us, indeed, wherever we went, and those were the happiest years of any of our lives."

Being now anxious to improve, by a regular course of study, whatever practical knowledge of his profession he had acquired, he resolved to enter himself at Woolwich, and, at the beginning of 1786, proceeded to England for that purpose.

Young, ardent, and—to a degree rare in man's nature—affectionate, it was not likely that his heart should remain long unattached among the beauties of the gay and brilliant circle he now moved in ; and, accordingly, during his late stay in Dublin, he had become, as he thought, deeply enamoured of the Lady Catharine Mead, second daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam, who was, in five or six years after, married



to Lord Powerscourt. To this lady, under the name of "Kate," he alludes in the following correspondence; and, however little that class of fastidious readers who abound in the present day may be inclined to relish the homely style and simple feeling of these letters, there are many, I doubt not, for whom such unstudied domestic effusions—even independently of the insight they afford into a mind destined to dare extraordinary things—will have a more genuine charm, and awaken in them a far readier sympathy, than even the most ingenious letters, dictated, not by the heart, but head, and meant evidently for more eyes than those to which they are addressed. It is, besides, important, as involving even higher considerations than that of justice to the character of the individual himself, to show how gentle, generous, light-hearted, and affectionate was by nature the disposition of him whom a deep sense of his country's wrongs at length drove into the van of desperate rebellion, and brought, in the full prime of all his noble qualities, to the grave.

In few of his delineations of character is Shakspeare more true to nature than in the

picture of a warm, susceptible temperament, which he has drawn in the young and melancholy Romeo ;—melancholy, from the very vagueness of the wishes that haunt him, and anticipating the passion before he has yet found the true object of it. In something of the same state of mind was Lord Edward, at this period, under the persuasion that he had now formed a deep and unalterable attachment ; and the same sad and restless feelings were, as the following letters prove, the result :—

“ 1786.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“ I am much obliged to you for your dear affectionate letters ; they made me happier than you can imagine. You cannot think what pleasure it gives me to hear from Ireland. My not writing to you was entirely, as you say, because I depended upon Ogilvie, who, I am sure, can give you a much better account of me than I can of myself ; for I really forget every thing I do. Nothing interests me enough to make me remember it. I get up in the morning hating every thing,—go out with an intention of

calling on somebody,—and then with the first person I meet go any where, and stay any time, without thinking the least what I am about, or enjoying the least pleasure. By this means I have been constantly late for dinner wherever I have dined. By the by, I have been engaged every day to dinner somewhere or other since I came; so much so, that, till to-day, Ogilvie and I have not had one quiet dinner together. We are, however, to dine to-day *tête-à-tête*. But to return to my daily proceedings:—from dinner somebody or other (quite indifferent to me who) carries me to wherever I am asked, and there I stay till morning, and come home to bed hating every thing as much as when I got up and went out. All this is, however, what I used to call a life of pleasure. I have been at balls almost every night, and, as I said before, always stay till morning.

“Ogilvie has just been here, and read your letter; he says he will scold you; he is in great good humour, but not at all soft or tender. Dear fellow! I shall be very sorry when he is gone.—He calls here every morning, and I find it the pleasantest

part of the day. I make him talk of Kate, whether he will or not; and indeed of you all. I find, now I am away, I like you all better than I thought I did. I am sorry to say I am quite tired of my friends in London, though they have been as kind as possible. I go to Woolwich on Sunday.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I have not seen the Siddons yet, nor do I think I shall, as I go out of town so soon. I never think of going to any thing pleasant myself; I am led to it by somebody. I depend entirely upon other people, and then insensibly *je m’amuse*; but as for saying, ‘I will go see this,’ or ‘that it will be very pleasant,’ *il ne m’arrive jamais*. I find I am writing a very foolish tiresome letter: pray do not show it to any body.

“E. F.”

“Woolwich, June 16, 1786.

“I am as busy as ever: it is the only resource I have, for I have no pleasure in any thing. I agree with you perfectly in trying to drive away care; I do all I can, but do not succeed. My natural good spirits, however, and the hopes of some

change, keep me up a little. If I thought there was no hopes of the latter, I believe the other would soon give way; and I should be very unfit for this place, or indeed any other, with an idea of doing any good; for I should not then care a pin about what happened me, either in fortune or person; at least so I think now, but I am determined to give myself as long a trial as I can bear. This is all I can do, as long as I think this way. I hope you will try and make me as happy as you can by giving accounts in your letters.

“ You say Henry spends all the night with \* \* and her company. I suppose by that he goes on very well. I wish him success with all my heart. The cottage party will be delightful for him. Think of my not being there! I must comfort myself by hoping you all missed me, and wished for me. Lady Clan will certainly have been there. Are you upon your high horse with her, or are you gracious? I need not say I hope you are kind to pretty dear Kate; I am sure you are. I want you to like her almost as much as I do;—it is a feeling I always have with people I love excessively. Did you not



feel to love her very much, and wish for me, when you saw her look pretty at the cottage? I think I see you looking at her, and saying to yourself, ‘I wish my dear Eddy was here.’ One does not know how much one loves people till we find ourselves separated. But I am sure I must grow stupid;—I write as if *you* were confined at Woolwich also, and in the same spirits as I am.”

“ July 7, 1786.

“ Now Ogilvie is gone, and that I cannot depend upon any body to give you some account of me, I will do it myself. By the by, I wish Tony could write. I have been up since before six, and it is now near nine, and I have been hard at work in the laboratory pulverizing saltpetre; so you may guess how dreadfully hungry I am. You cannot conceive how odd the life I lead now appears to me. I must confess if I had *le cœur content*, I should like best the idle, indolent one. Getting up between 11 and 12, breakfasting in one’s jacket *sans souci*, *se fichant du monde*, and totally careless and thoughtless of every thing but the people



one loves, is a very pleasant life, *il faut le dire*. I would give a great deal for a lounge at Frescati this morning.

“ You cannot think how sorry I was to part with Ogilvie. I begin to find one has very few real friends, whatever number of agreeable acquaintance one may have. Pray do not let Ogilvie spoil you; I am sure he will try, crying, ‘ Nonsense! fool! fool! all imagination!—by heavens! you will be the ruin of that boy.’ My dear mother, if you mind him, and do not write me pleasant letters, and always say something of pretty Kate, I will not answer your letters, nor indeed write *any* to you. I believe if any thing can make me like writing letters, Woolwich will,—for to be here alone is most melancholy. However, I like it better than London, and am not in such bad spirits. I have not time hardly. In my evening’s walk, however, I am as bad as ever. I believe, in my letter to Henry, I told him how I passed my day; so shall not begin again. You will see by that what my evening’s walk is; but, upon my honour, I sometimes think of *you* in it.

“ I wish, my dear mother, you would

*insist* on my coming to you ;—but stop—  
if I go on thus thinking and writing, I shall  
be very unfit for mortars, cannons, &c. So,  
love to every body—God bless you !”

In the summer of this year, the Duke of  
Richmond, being called away in his official  
capacity, on a tour of inspection to the  
islands of Guernsey, Jersey, &c., took Lord  
Edward with him ; and it will be seen by  
the following letter that the young military  
student was not insensible of the value of  
those opportunities of instruction which  
such a survey, under circumstances so  
favourable to inquiry, offered.

“ St. Helier, July 31, 1786.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“ We have been here five days, and are  
to stay two more, and then go to Cher-  
bourg. We have had as yet a very pleasant  
time. I have been in much better spirits,  
every thing being new, and the changes of  
scene having kept me from thinking so much.  
I shall get a great deal of knowledge of a  
part of my profession by this tour ; for the  
Duke goes about looking at all the strong

posts, and I have an opportunity of hearing him and Colonel Moncrief talk the matter all over. The Duke and he are at present employed in fixing some works that are to be built, and choosing some positions in case of an attack. The whole tour has been a kind of military survey. I shall be glad to see Cherbourg, as it certainly will be hereafter a very famous place, by the works that are erecting there. We go from thence to Havre for Madame de Cambise.

“Don’t you think I may come home after this tour? I begin now, my dearest mother, to wish much to see you; besides I think that, after all this, I could do a great deal of good at Black Rock with Mr. Ogilvie, as my mind has really taken a turn for business. Thinking of Kate disturbs me more than seeing her would do. I do really love her more, if possible, than when I left you. Have you seen her lately at any thing? I always feel happy when I think you have seen her; because it must put her in mind of me. Have you seen the presents yet? Guilford waited till he got some also for Lady Anne, that she might not be jealous, and that the thing might be less suspicious.

Kate herself thinks that it is Guilford that gives them her. I made Guilford promise not to say I gave them, for fear she should not take them. I must come home; really, my dearest mother, it is the only chance I have against *la dragonne*; for you see by her speech to Ogilvie, she will do all she can to make Kate forget me.

“Do not be afraid that I shall do no good in Ireland; you know when I have a mind to study, I never do so much good as when I am with Ogilvie. I could go over all my mathematics (which is the most useful thing I could do), much better there with him than here with any body else. I know Ogilvie will be against my coming; but no matter,—*you* will be glad to have me on any terms, and I am never so happy as when with you, dearest mother; you seem to make every distress lighter, and I bear every thing better, and enjoy every thing more when with you. I must not grow sentimental; so good b’ye, dearest of mothers. No one can love you more than, &c.”

“ Goodwood, August 8, 1786.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ We arrived here the day before yesterday. Our tour has been shorter than at first intended. We came last from the island of Sark, which we meant only to visit in our way to Alderney, where we were to part with the Duchess, who was to sail for England in a small vessel we had with us; while the Duke and the rest of us went in a yacht to Cherbourg; but the wind came on so strong, the Duke was afraid to let the Duchess go in the small vessel, and thought it better to return with her; I never was so disappointed in my life,—I had set my heart on seeing Cherbourg with the Duke and Colonel Moncrief. The Duke goes to London to-day, stays there a few days, then goes to Portsmouth, from whence he sails to bring Madame de Cambise. I had intended, during the time he was doing all this, to go to Moncrief at Portsmouth; but alas! walking yesterday evening, I sprained my ancle violently, and am not able to stir: I am afraid I shall be laid up for a week or ten days, at least. I do think, what with legs and other things, I am the most un-



lucky dog that ever was. However, I intend to make the best of my misfortune, and take the opportunity of beginning a course of mechanics with Mr. Baly: the Duke and he both say that if I apply hard, in the course of three months I should have a pretty tolerable knowledge of them. Mr. Baly says, to do it properly, I should go over again some of my Euclid and algebra, both of which, I am ashamed to say, I have pretty nearly forgot. I wish I had my books here, they would be of great use to me now.

“What do you think of this scheme, is it practicable for me? do you think I have resolution or application enough to give the attention that will be necessary? Stoke is within three miles—very tempting; this place will be by and by full of company; the shooting will be going on: all these things may draw me off,—*je suis foible*; the Duke himself may, perhaps, be going about, and will wish me to follow him: I never do good in that way. Let me know what you advise. I find every day that the knowledge of mathematics is absolutely necessary in every thing that an officer should know; and as I have a good foundation, it is a pity



I should not improve it. If I have resolution to apply, this is a good and pleasant opportunity; but I am doubtful of myself. In turning all this over in my head, a scheme has occurred to me, which I know would be the best thing in the world for me, could I but put it in execution;—but then it requires a great effort. You know I have from the latter end of August till January, when the parliament meets, four months; what do you think of my spending that time at some university in Scotland? it certainly is the best place for the branch of learning I want; there I should not be so easily drawn off; I should have my masters cheap, live cheap, and be able to give my whole mind to the business. But I cannot bear the thoughts of seeing none of you for four months; and then, Kate—I do not know what to do—pray write and advise me.

“You say in your letter that Lady Clanwilliam goes to the country for the autumn; if she goes to the north, how pleasant! I might then be with dearest Harry, and see her very often. It is now three months since I have seen you, dearest mother, and four more is a great while. If you go abroad, I

go with you, I am determined, and stay with you till the parliament meets. I hope Henry will come too, I long to see him. What becomes of dear Robert? I hate missing him; I wish he would come here.

“I hope you got my letters safe from Guernsey and Jersey; I got two of your dear letters here; how happy they made me!—but you said very little of pretty Kate: I do not think you like her enough, my dearest mother; I want you to love her as much as I do. Pray tell me really what you think of her? yet I am afraid,—but no matter, speak!—if you should find fault,—but it is impossible, you *must* love her. Show the sensible part of this letter to Mr. Ogilvie, but none of the last. He says, *tout court*, in his letter, ‘she drank tea here,’—did not you think of me? *Tell truth*, did *she* think of me at all? for I am sure you observed. Your words, ‘if she only likes you,’ frighten me; if it is only *that*, I dread her mother’s influence,—it is very strong. Suppose you were here, and to say to me, ‘If you ever think of that girl, I will never forgive you,’ what should I do? even I, who dote on Kate; and then, if she

only likes me, I am sure being there would be of no use to me. God bless you, &c.”

“Stoke, August 19, 1786.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

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“Now I have given you all the answer I can at present, I will talk a little of myself. You will find, by my last, that I intend going with you in case you go; for being in Ireland, and not seeing Kate, I should hate. Though I have been here ever since the Duke went, I am as constant as ever, and go on doting upon her; this is, I think, the greatest proof I have given yet. Being here has put me in much better spirits, they are so delightful. I dote on G \*\*; the other two have been at Selsey, but come back to-day. We all go to a ball at Mr. Barnwell’s. You see by the beginning of this letter I am a favourite of Lady Louisa; she has been pleasanter than any thing can be; I love her very much.

“I have not been so happy since I left Frescati as I have been here. Do not be afraid that I am idle: I get up at five o’clock every morning, go to Goodwood, and stay

and study with Mr. Baly till two, and return here to dine. You cannot think how much I like the thoughts of going abroad with you, and being once more comfortably settled with you; besides, now I am in a good habit, I can do a great deal with Mr. Ogilvie. I am sorry to find dear little Gerald is in bad spirits. I shall write to him, as I think nothing does one more good when in that way than getting letters from any body one likes. Good bye, dearest mother.

“Yours, &c.”

“Goodwood, Sept. 2, 1786.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“I received your letter from Carton yesterday. I cannot write to Sophia to give her any advice; it is one of those cases where friends ought to be very cautious what they do; the persons concerned I think are always the best judges; it neither requires cleverness, or parts, or knowledge, to know what will make one happy or unhappy. I should never answer it to myself hereafter, if, from taking my advice, she found herself in the least degree unhappy.

Pray write me word how things go on ;—I own I am afraid. At the same time, dearest Sophy has so much feeling, and so much heart, that the least thing will make her, perhaps, happy, or unhappy for ever; if she was not so very *sensible*, I should not be near so afraid about her. My dearest mother, she has all your tenderness and sensibility *without* your good understanding and excellent judgment to manage it. Not that I think her *deficient* in either the one or the other, and should, indeed, be sorry to see her get more of *either* quality, if she was to give up the *least* of her good heart for it. Being at a distance makes me serious about it. If I were with you, I am afraid I should be Marplot, and giggle a little.

“ I am glad sweetest Kate is grown fat. I love her more than any thing yet, though I have seen a great deal of G \*\*. I own fairly I am not in such bad spirits as I was, particularly when I am with G \*\*, whom I certainly love better than any of her sisters. However, I can safely say, I have not been *infidelle* to *Kate*,—whenever I thought of her, which I do very often, though not so constantly as usual: this



entirely between you and me. The Duke goes again to Portsmouth to-morrow, and I go with him : we are only to stay a day there. He does not like to give up his shooting: while *he* is out shooting, I always attend little Baly. I go on very well, and the Duke is, I believe, very well pleased with me. There is nobody here yet but Madame de Cambise, who is a delightful creature : I am grown very fond of her. I am becoming quite impatient to see you, now that I expect you. I love nothing in comparison to you, my dearest mother, after all.

“ Yours, &c.”

During the absence of the Duke, Lord Edward passed his time chiefly at \*\*, the seat of Lord \*\*, which was not far from Goodwood ; and the tone of the letters he wrote from thence must have sufficiently prepared his mother’s mind for the important change his affections were now about to undergo.

I have already remarked that, in the state of Lord Edward’s mind, at this period,—in the fond restlessness with which, enamoured



more in fancy than in heart, he dwells upon the image of his absent "Kate,"—there is something akin to the mood in which the great painter of human passions has described his youthful lover as indulging, when first brought upon the scene, before the strong and absorbing passion that was to have such influence over his destiny took possession of him. The poet well knew that, in natures of this kind, a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as taster to the heart, before the true "thirst from the soul" is called forth, and that, accordingly, out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate, and even constant, devotion to another. An ordinary painter of character would not only have shrunk from the risk of exhibiting his hero so fickle, but would have gladly availed himself of the romantic interest which a picture of first love and singleness of affection is always sure to inspire. But, besides that, in Juliet, he had an opportunity of presenting a portraiture of this kind, such as no hand ever before sketched, he was

well aware that in man's less pliant heart, even where most susceptible, a greater degree of previous softening is required, before it can thus suddenly and, at the same time, deeply be penetrated; and that it was only by long dwelling, in imagination, upon a former love that his hero's mind could be supposed to have attained such a pitch of excitement as, at first sight, to drink in an intoxication of passion which has rendered the lovers themselves, and the poet that has commemorated them, immortal.

How entirely in nature, and in the nature, too, of ordinary life, is this delineation of the dramatist's fancy, cannot be more clearly exemplified than in the process by which Lord Edward's excitable heart now found itself surprised into a passion which became afterwards such a source of pain and disappointment to him; which, by the cloud it threw over his naturally joyous disposition, first conduced, perhaps, to give his mind a somewhat severer turn, and to incline it towards those inquiries into the state of "the world and the world's law," which, at length, acting upon his generous

and conscientious nature, enlisted him in the cause to which he ultimately fell a sacrifice.

The rapid progress already made by the charms of Miss \*\*,—unconsciously, on her part, and almost equally so, at the beginning, on his,—in effacing the vivid impression left by a former object, is described in the foregoing extracts more naturally than it could be in any other words. For some time he continued to struggle against this new fascination, and, though without any of those obligations to constancy which a return of his first love might have imposed, seemed reluctant to own, even to himself, that his affections could be so easily unrooted. The charm, however, was too powerful to be thus resisted; and the still fainter and fainter mention of Lady Catharine in his letters, till at length her name wholly disappears, marks as plainly the gradual disaffection of his heart as the deserted sands tell the slow ebbing of the tide.

In the autumn of this year the Duchess of Leinster and her family arrived in England, on their way to the continent,—

meaning to pass the summer months at Nice, and in the south of France,—and to Lord Edward was intrusted the task of securing lodgings for her Grace at Chichester. The hospitality, however, of the noble owners of Goodwood and Stoke would not hear of her sojourning elsewhere than under their roofs. In writing to announce this determination to his mother, he concludes his letter thus:—

“ Do not stay long at Oxford, for if you do I shall die with impatience before you arrive. I can hardly write, I am so happy. I do not at all envy you seeing Mrs. Siddons; I cannot envy any body at this moment, for I certainly am the happiest dog in the world. Think of seeing Henry, Sophia, and you, all in one day! I may as well stop, for I cannot write.”

On the departure of his mother and sisters for Nice, Lord Edward accompanied them, and remained there till the opening of parliament made it necessary for him to attend his public duties in Ireland. On the few important questions that were brought, during this session, before the House, his name is invariably to be found in the very

small minority which the stock of Irish patriotism, at this time but scanty, supplied. From the opinions, too, respecting his brother legislators, which he expresses in the following letter, it will be seen that the standard by which he judged of public men and their conduct was, even at this period, of no very accommodating nature; and that the seeds of that feeling which, in after days, broke out into indignant revolt, were already fast ripening. His animadversions here upon what he calls the “shabby” behaviour of his uncle, Mr. Conolly, refer to the line taken by that gentleman on the question of the Riot Bill—a bill, which Mr. Wolfe declared to be “so hostile to the liberties of the people, that every man should raise his voice and almost wield his sword against it.” On this measure Mr. Conolly took part with the Castle, and opposed an amendment to the Bill moved by Mr. O’Neil. Upon a proposal, too, by Mr. Grattan for a Resolution concerning Tithes, Mr. Conolly again appears among the supporters of government; while the name of Lord Edward is found, as usual, shining by the side of those of



Grattan and Curran, among that small, but illustrious band,—“the few, fine flushes of departing day,”—that gave such splendour to the last moments of Ireland, as a nation. The following is the extract of Lord Edward’s letter to which I refer:—

“Dublin, February 26th, 1787.

“You desire me to give you an account of myself; I do not think you could ask a more difficult thing, for though I have been doing nothing but the common John-trot things, yet I have been thinking of a great many others, both serious and trivial, and to give an account of one’s thoughts requires a better pen than mine. I have been greatly disappointed about politics, though not dispirited. Ogilvie, I dare say, has told you how ill we have gone on. Conolly, I think, behaved shabbily, and as long as the Bishop Cloyne has got hold of him, he will do no good. We came over so sanguine from England, that one feels the disappointment the more. William is behaving as well as possible; so that, by perseverance and steadiness, I am sure we shall get right again. When one has any great object to



carry, one must expect disappointments, and not be diverted from one's object by them, or even appear to mind them. I therefore say to every body that I think we are going on well. The truth is, the people one has to do with are a bad set. I mean the *whole*; for really I believe those *we* act with are the best. All this is between you and me: you must not mention any thing of it even to Mr. Ogilvie, for even to him I put on a good face, and try to appear not disappointed or dispirited."

In the determination here expressed, as politic as it is manly, not only to persevere, in spite of disgust and difficulty, towards the object he had in view, but even to assume an air of confidence in his cause when most hopeless of it, we have a feature of his character disclosed to us which more than any other, perhaps, tended to qualify him for the enterprise to which, fatally for himself, he devoted the latter years of his life. In a struggle like that, of which the chances were so uncertain, and where some of the instruments necessary to success were so little con-

genial to his nature, it is easy to conceive how painfully often he must have had to summon up the self-command here described, to enable him to hide from those embarked with him his own hopelessness and disgust.

In another part of the same letter, he thus, with a depth and delicacy of filial tenderness which few hearts have ever felt so strongly, addresses his beloved mother:

“ You cannot think how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, Ogilvie and I *tête-à-tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives one pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good-night; the coming down in a morning, and not seeing you; the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon one, was all very bad indeed. In settling my journey there, that evening, I determined to see you in my way, supposing you were even a thousand miles out of it;—and now coolly, if I can afford it, I certainly will.”

A subsequent letter (March 3d) relating

chiefly to some domestic misfortune which had befallen a French family of his acquaintance, contains passages full of the same filial fondness, which all mothers, at least, will thank me for extracting :

“ It is time for me to go to Frescati. Why are not you there, dearest of mothers? but it feels a little like seeing you too, to go there. We shall talk a great deal of you. I assure you I miss you in Ireland very, very much. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of every thing, and want to have you to go and talk to. You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do,—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you, by this sort of reflections; and, in thinking over with myself what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not*;—but God bless you.”

It had been his intention, as soon as released from his parliamentary duties, to rejoin the Duchess at Nice, and from

thence proceed, in the summer, to meet his friends M. and Madame de Levis, and the Puységurs, in Switzerland. "This," he says, in one of his letters, "is my pleasant, *foolish* plan;—it would certainly be charming. My *sensible* plan is to go and stay at Woolwich till autumn, and then meet you all at Paris. If I do the latter (which I do not think I shall, for it is a great deal too wise), I should come to Paris with great eclat, for I should by that time be very rich, and be able to live away a little, so far as keeping horses and a phaeton. The other plan would oblige me to live rather economically at Paris. Pray, consider my case, and take Madame de Levis into the consultation, for she can, I know, give very good advice."

Instead of either of the projects here contemplated, a visit to Gibraltar, with the ulterior object of a journey through Spain and Portugal, was the plan upon which he at length decided for his summer tour.

From Gibraltar, where he appears to have arrived about the latter end of May, he thus writes to the Duchess:—

“ Gibraltar.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“ I am delighted with this place ; never was any thing better worth seeing, either taking it in a military light, or merely as a matter of curiosity. I cannot describe it at all as it merits. Conceive an immense high rugged rock, separated by a small neck of land from a vast track of mountainous or rather hilly country, whose large, broad, sloping eminences, with a good deal of verdure, make a strong contrast with the sharp, steep rock of the place. Yet when you come on the rock, you find part of it capable of very high cultivation ; it will in time be a little paradise. Even at present, in the midst of some of the wildest, rockiest parts, you find charming gardens, surrounded with high hedges of geraniums, filled with orange, balm, sweet oleander, myrtle, cedar, Spanish broom, roses, honeysuckles, in short, all the charming plants of both our own country and others. Conceive all this, collected in different spots of the highest barren rock perhaps you ever beheld, and all in luxuriant vegetation ; on one side seeing, with a fine basin between



you, the green hills of Andalusia, with two or three rivers emptying themselves into the bay ; on another side, the steep rugged and high land of Barbary, and the whole strait coming under your eye at once, and then a boundless view of the Mediterranean ; all the sea enlivened with shipping, and the land with the sight of your own soldiers, and the sound of drums and fifes, and all other military music :—to crown all, the finest climate possible. Really, walking over the higher parts of the rock, either in the morning or evening (in the mid-day all is quiet, on account of the heat), gives one feelings not to be described, making one proud to think that here you are a set of islanders from a remote corner of the world, surrounded by enemies thousands of times your numbers, yet, after all the struggles, both of them and the French to beat you out of it, keeping it in spite of all their efforts. All this makes you appear to yourself great and proud,—and yet, again, when you contemplate the still *greater* greatness of the scene, the immense depth of the sea under you, the view of an extensive tract



of land, whose numerous inhabitants are scarcely known,—the feeling of pride is then gone, and the littleness of your own works in comparison with those of nature makes you feel yourself as nothing. But I will not say any more, for every thing must fall far short of what is here seen and felt.

“ I really think if one had all the people one liked here, one could live charmingly. The General gives all officers that choose gardens, and numbers have got them. Vegetation is so quick that you can have peas, beans, and French beans in five weeks after you plant them : you have a very tolerable tree in three years ; poplars, in two, grow to a great size. O’Hara and I walk the whole day, from five in the morning till eight or nine at night ; he is pleasanter than ever, and enters into all one’s ideas, fanciful as well as comical. We divert ourselves amazingly with all the people here ; but this is when he is not “ all over General,” as he calls it. Elliot dotes on him, and says, he goes away content, as he leaves the garrison in the hands of such an able officer. Elliot is, from what I have

seen of him, a delightful man, and an excellent officer; he talks highly of Robert. I feel grown quite a soldier again since I came to this place, and should like to be in a regiment here very much. I shall stay here about ten days longer at most; then go to Cadiz, by way of Tavira through Portugal, to avoid a quarantine which the Spaniards lay on this place.

“I wrote you the other day a letter, which I was ashamed to send; I had got up, *particularly* fond of you, and had determined to give up all improvement whatever, and set out to you by the shortest road without stopping. I have now settled my tour, so that I hope to be with you in July; that I may accomplish it, I shall give up my visit to Madrid and Granada, and take them some other time. I really cannot stay much longer without seeing you. If I feel thus here, you may guess how much stronger it will be when I leave this place, and am left to myself. Often when I see a ship sailing, I think how glad I should be if I were aboard, and on my passage to you. I have got some seed of a beautiful plant that grows like ivy, with a purple

flower and fine smell ; it is called Dolcom ; I never saw any at home : I think it will do very well for your passage at Frescati. God bless you.

“ Yours affectionately,  
E. F.

“ A dreadful scrawl, but I am in haste. I am to dine with a dreadful Mrs. S., who has been up to the elbows in custards to receive the general.”

At Lisbon, to which city he next proceeded,—wishing to have a glimpse of Portugal before he pursued his journey into Spain,—he was lucky enough to make acquaintance with some of the principal Portuguese nobility ; and, as his frank, popular manners, even still more than his personal beauty and rank, secured him a welcome reception wherever he became known, he found the society of this city so agreeable as to induce him to delay longer there than he intended.

From all the places which he now, in succession, visited,—Cadiz, Granada, Madrid, &c.—he still wrote, as usual, punctually to his mother ; and through all his letters, un-

pretending as they are in a literary point of view, there still breathes, with unfailing charm, the same spirit of enjoyment, the same natural freshness both of mind and heart. To beauty, in all its visible forms, whether in the varied scenery of nature, the simple grace of children, or that most perfect of its manifestations, woman's loveliness, he had a heart peculiarly susceptible; and among the themes he chiefly dwells on in these letters, are the enchanting views of the country, the mirth and prettiness of the little Andalusian children with their guitars, the graceful mixture of song and dance in the seguidillas of the female peasants, and, occasionally, a comparative estimate of the respective claims of the women of Portugal and Spain to beauty. His manner of travelling was highly characteristic of his simple and independent mind. "I am," he says, "charmed with the people here; and by the way I travel I see a great deal of them. I always set out about three in the evening and travel till one or two; and as I do not sleep as much as my companions Tony and the muleteer, I generally walk next morning about the town or village

I am in ; and the people are so fond of the English that a Cavallero Ingles is asked into almost every house, and made to sit down and eat or drink. By this means, there is hardly a place I go through that I do not make some acquaintance whom I feel quite sorry to leave.”

Of the Alhambra he says—“It is, in fact, the palaces and gardens of the Arabian Nights realized. The paintings that still remain are much beyond any thing of the kind we do now, both in the colouring and the finishing ; and I was surprised to find that almost all our modern patterns are taken from hence. The painting of one of the rooms is even now better than that of the gallery at Castletown, or at Monsieur Regnard’s at Paris, and much in the same style.”

But the great charm of these letters lies neither in the descriptions nor reflections, much livelier and profounder than which might, in this age of showy and second-hand cleverness, be parroted forth by persons with not a tithe of Lord Edward’s intellect, —but in that ever wakeful love of home and of all connected with it, which accom-



panies him wherever he goes ; which mixes, even to a disturbing degree, with all his pursuits and pleasures, and would, it is plain, could his wishes have been seconded by the fabled cap of Fortunatus, have been for ever transporting him back into the family circle. In some of the remembrances he sends to his sisters, that playfulness of nature which, to the end of his life, and through some of its most trying scenes, never deserted him, rather amusingly breaks out. For instance, after observing that all the little Portuguese and Spanish girls put him in mind of his sister Ciss, he adds, “ You are by this time settled at Barege, and I hope have had neither bickerings nor pickerings. One certainly avoids them by being alone, and it is that, I believe, that makes it so tiresome. I really, at this moment, long to have a little quarrel with somebody. Give my love to all of them. I am sorry poor dear Charlotte is not better,—glad Lucy is quite well, and hope Sophia is not lachrymose. I sincerely hope Mimi is grown obstinate, passionate, and disobedient to all the girls, and that she don’t mind a word M<sup>e</sup>. Clavel says to her ;



that when she is at her lesson, she only keeps her eyes on the book, while, all the while, she is thinking of riding on Bourra; and that the minute you are out of the room, she begins talking to Cecilia. God bless you."

From Madrid he writes thus:—

"I have been but three hours in Madrid. I wanted to set off to you by post, and should have been with you, in that case, in seven days. It was to cost me £40; but Tony remonstrated and insisted that it was very foolish, when I might go for five guineas, and,—in short, he prevailed."

The warm attachment to Miss \*\*, of which we have already traced the first dawnings, continued unaltered through all this change of scene and society; though, from his silence on the subject, in every letter he wrote home, it would appear that, even to his mother, the habitual depository of all his thoughts, he had not yet confided the secret of his new passion. On his return to England, however, but a very short time elapsed before it became manifest not only how deeply and devotedly he was attached, but, unluckily, how faint were the

hopes of his ever succeeding in his suit. The Duke of Richmond, who felt naturally a warm interest in both parties, was very desirous, it seems, that the union should take place; but the father of the young lady decidedly opposed himself to it; and the more strongly to mark his decision on the subject, at length peremptorily forbade Lord Edward his house.

To be thus frustrated in any object whatever would have been, to a sanguine spirit like his, sufficiently mortifying; but in a pursuit like this where he had embarked all his fondest hopes, nor was without grounds for flattering himself that, but for this interference, he might have been successful, the effect of such a repulse in saddening and altogether unhinging his mind may be, without difficulty, conceived.

Finding that his spirits, instead of rallying, were, on the contrary, sinking every day, more and more, under this disappointment, while, from the want of any active and regular employment, his mind was left helplessly the victim of its own broodings, he resolved to try how far absence and occupation might bring relief; and as his

present regiment, the 54th, was now at New Brunswick, in Nova Scotia, he determined on joining it. Fortunately, this resolution found a seconding impulse in that love of a military life which was so leading a feeling with him; and, about the latter end of May, without acquainting even his mother with his design, lest, in her fond anxiety, she might interpose to prevent it, he sailed for America.

The following series of letters, written by him at this time, will, I have no doubt, be read with interest.

“Halifax, June 24th, 1788.

“DEAREST, DEAREST MOTHER,

“I got here three days ago, after a passage of twenty-eight days, one of the quickest almost ever known. We had a fair wind every hour of the way. Depend on it, dearest mother, I will not miss an opportunity of writing to you. Tony has followed your directions very implicitly, for there has not passed a day yet without his telling me I had best write now, or I should go out and forget it.

“I can give you no account of the

country yet, or the people. By what I hear, they are all Irish, at least in this town: the brogue is not in higher perfection in Kilkenny. I think I hear and see *Thamis* in every corner of the street. I am lodged at a Mr. Cornelius O'Brien's, who claims relationship,—and I accept the relationship,—and his *horse*, for thirty miles up the country. I set out to-day. My regiment is at St. John's, in New Brunswick: the distance is a hundred and twenty miles from here to Annapolis, and at Annapolis you embark across the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, which is opposite, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is the common route; but, to avoid the Bay of Fundy (which is a very disagreeable navigation, and where one sometimes happens to be a fortnight out), I go another road, which takes me round the bay. It is longer, and very bad, but by all accounts very wild and beautiful. I shall cross rivers and lakes, of which one has no idea in England. I go down one river called Shubenacadee for thirty miles, which they tell me is so full of fish, that you kill them with sticks. They say the banks of it are beauti-

ful—all the finest wood and pasture, but quite in the state of nature. By all I hear, this will be a journey after my own heart. I long to hear from you. I love G \* \* more than ever.

“I hope my journey will do me good: one thing I am glad to find is, that I am likely to have a separate command, which will give me a good deal to do. Good bye again. God bless you a thousand times.

“Yours, &c.”

This journey to St. John's appears to have been all that he anticipated; and the quiet and affecting picture of an evening in the woods, detailed with such natural eloquence in the following letter, affords one of those instances where a writer may be said to be a poet without knowing it;—his very unconsciousness of the effect he is producing being, in itself, a charm which no art or premeditation could expect to reach.

“St. John's, New Brunswick, July 18th.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“Here I am, after a very long and fatiguing journey. I had no idea of what

it was : it was more like a campaign than any thing else, except in one material point, that of having no danger. I should have enjoyed it most completely but for the musquitos, but they took off a great deal of my pleasure : the millions of them are dreadful. If it had not been for this inconvenience, my journey would have been delightful. The country is almost all in a state of nature, as well as its inhabitants. There are four sorts of these : the Indians, the French, the old English settlers, and now the refugees from the other parts of America : the last seem the most civilized.

“The old settlers are almost as wild as Indians, but lead a very comfortable life : they are all farmers, and live entirely within themselves. They supply all their own wants by their contrivances, so that they seldom buy any thing. They ought to be the happiest people in the world, but they do not seem to know it. They imagine themselves poor because they have no money, without considering they do not want it : every thing is done by barter, and you will often find a farmer well supplied with every thing, and yet not having a shilling in money. Any man that will work is



sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable farm: the first eighteen months is the only hard time, and that in most places is avoided, particularly near the rivers, for in every one of them a man will catch in a day enough to feed him for the year. In the winter, with very little trouble, he supplies himself with meat by killing moose deer; and in summer with pigeons, of which the woods are full. These he must subsist on till he has cleared ground enough to raise a little grain, which a hard working man will do in the course of a few months. By selling his moose skins, making sugar out of the maple tree, and by a few days' work for other people, for which he gets great wages, he soon acquires enough to purchase a cow. This, then, sets him up, and he is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable supply of every necessary of life. I came through a whole tract of country peopled by Irish, who came out not worth a shilling, and have all now farms, worth (according to the value of money in this country) from £1000 to £3000.

“ The equality of every body and of their manner of life I like very much. There are

no gentlemen; every body is on a footing, provided he works and wants nothing; every man is exactly what he can make himself, or *has* made himself by industry. The more children a man has the better: his wife being brought to bed is as joyful news as his cow calving; the father has no uneasiness about providing for them, as this is done by the profit of their work. By the time they are fit to settle, he can always afford them two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and in a few years, if they work, they will thrive.

“ I came by a settlement along one of the rivers, which was all the work of one pair; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy; they had been there thirty years; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant; there was not a living being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish: from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter all settled in different farms along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living com-

fortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little log cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meat, &c. from each child, according to the share he got of the land; so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are, than for gain.

“I was obliged to stay a day with the old people on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning; it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot, you must only help it out with your own imagination. Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o’clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight,—and there finding a little old clean tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same appearance weeding salad. We had

come for ten miles up the river without seeing any thing but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a great deal, telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and when either's back was turned remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other.

“ The contrast of all this, which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work,—sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide sitting with them, all on one log. The difference of the scene I had

left,—the immense way I had to get from this little corner of the world, to see any thing I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, &c. &c.—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment.

“ However, here I am now with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I could be with G \* \* in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife, whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than it otherwise would have been; but I don’t give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well,—but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England. Tell Ogilvie I am obliged sometimes



to say to myself, ‘Tu l’as voulu, George Dandin,’ when I find things disagreeable; but, on the whole, I do not repent coming; he won’t believe me, I know. He will be in a fine passion when he finds I should have been lieutenant-colonel for the regulated price, if I had stayed in the 60th; however, as fate seems to destine me for a major, I am determined to remain so and not purchase. Give my love to him: I wish I could give him some of the wood here for Kilrush.”

“New Brunswick, August 5.

“MY DEAR OGILVIE,

“I have hardly time to tell you more than that I am well, and, I think, going on in a good way. I know you will be glad to hear I read a great deal, get up early, and am trying to make use of my time (of which I have plenty) for reflection. I grow fonder of my profession the more I see of it, and like being major much better than being lieutenant-colonel, for I only execute the commands of others. I have a good deal to do, which keeps up my spirits; and if it was not being away from dearest mother, am



happier here than I should be any where else ; the distance from her, and indeed all of you, comes over me strongly now and then. I hope you miss ‘ that little dog, Edward,’ sometimes. Good bye ; I don’t like thinking of you at this distance, for it only makes me melancholy. You will be much disappointed in your hopes of my staying here two years ; my lieutenant-colonel says, I shall have his leave whenever I choose, as he intends staying till the regiment returns ; so that next spring, by which time I shall have seen Niagara and the lakes, and enjoyed a little of the savage life, you may expect to see me.”

“ St. Ann’s, New Brunswick,  
August 16, 1788.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ Since my last I have changed quarters, and much for the better. This place is 100 miles up the river ; the country is beautiful, and the weather charming. At St. John’s the weather is very bad ; the fogs constant, and for more than three weeks I was there, we had only five days on which we saw the sun rise. You may believe I was very glad

to come up to this place ; besides, I have the command here, which gives me more employment ;—*ça me pese* now and then ; but, on the whole, it is very good for me.

“ Pray tell Ogilvie I am obliged to *think*, —I know he will be glad to hear it. I get up at five o’clock, go out and exercise the men from six till eight, come home and breakfast ; from that till three, I read, write, and settle all the different business of the regiment ; at four we dine ; at half after six we go out, parade and drill till sundown ; from that till nine, I walk by myself, build castles in the air, think of you all, reflect on the pleasant time past as much as possible, and on the disagreeable as *little* as possible ; think of all the pleasant things that may yet happen, and of none of the unpleasant ones ; when I am tired of myself, at nine o’clock, come home to bed, and then sleep till the faithful Tony comes in the morning :—his black face is the only thing that I yet feel attached to.

“ Dearest mother, I do sincerely long to see you ; I think if I could carry you here, I should live tolerably happy. There is certainly something in a military life

that excites and keeps up one's spirits. I feel exactly like my uncle Toby at the sound of a drum, and the more I hear it the more I like it; there is a mixture, too, of country life and military life here that is very pleasant. I have got a garden for the soldiers, which employs me a great deal. I flatter myself next year that it will furnish the men with quantities of vegetables, which will be of great service to them. Another of my amusements is my canoe; I have already had two expeditions in it. I and another officer went up the river in her for thirty miles; we stayed two days, and had our provisions and blankets with us, and slept in the woods; one of the nights cooked our victuals, and did every thing ourselves.

“It is very pleasant here sometimes to go in this way exploring, ascending far up some river or creek, and finding sometimes the finest lands and most beautiful spots in nature, which are not at all known, and quite wild. As soon as our review is over, I am to go on one of these parties, up a river, the source and course of which is yet unknown. There is a great con-

venience in the canoes, they are so light, two men can carry them easily on their shoulders, so that you go from river to river without any trouble: it is the only method of travelling in this country. A canoe here is like a postchaise at home, and the rivers and lakes your post-horses. You would laugh to see the faithful Tony and I carrying one.

“Good bye, dearest mother, I do all I can not to think of you, but in vain. Give my love to every body. I love G \* \* more than ever, and, if she likes me, can never change. I often think what pleasure it would be to come home to her, and how much better every object would appear,—but I stop my thoughts as much as I can. I never shall, I think, be happy without her; neither do I say that I shall be absolutely unhappy. I think it indeed wrong (when one has a great number of real blessings) not to feel and enjoy them, because there is one which we cannot have. For myself, I have so many, that I feel afraid any thing more would be beyond my share, and that so great a happiness must be attended with some misfortune.

I am not certainly so much better than others, and do not think that I deserve what I have. Excuse my *petite morale*."

"Frederick's Town, New Brunswick,  
Sept. 2d, 1788.

"DEAREST, DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have just got your letter from sweet Frescati. How affectionate and reasonable!—but I was sure you would be so, when you came to reflect. You cannot think how happy you have made me. Being absent from you was unhappiness enough, without the addition of your thinking it unnecessary, and being a little angry. I own it went to my heart to feel I was the cause of so much misery to you, while at the very time, too, you thought the step I took unnecessary. It certainly required more resolution than I believe I shall ever have again. However, I trust it will all turn out well. It certainly will do me good in my profession: it gives me the consolation, too, of thinking I am doing my duty as a man, and occupation hinders my being so thoroughly taken up with one object as I should have been had I remained at home.



Still, being absent from you, my dear mother, is very terrible at times. However, I hope to make it up when I return; and certainly by having come away now, I can with a better grace stay at home at some future time; at a time too, perhaps, when I should be a greater comfort to you.

“I am very glad to hear you are so quietly settled at Frescati. You must find great pleasure in being there, after your rambling; but I trust you will not get too rooted and too lazy to stir from it, for I hope to serve you as courier yet; and to keep you in order on our journeys, when you know I always become such a tyrant. I am afraid I shall think too often of our last year’s journey. We are now approaching to the time. I shall, however, amuse myself travelling in a different way. We are going, a party of us, in canoes up to the Grand Falls of St. John’s: they are two hundred and fifty miles up the river, and by all accounts beautiful. The contrast between the country I shall travel through this year and that I went through last will be very great: the one all wild, the other all high cultivation. Instead of Blois, Tours, &c., a few Indian bark



huts. I am not quite certain which I prefer. There is something in a wild country very enticing; taking its inhabitants, too, and their manners into the bargain.

“I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilized people, and like houses, &c., &c., I really would join the savages; and, leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what nature intended we should be. Savages have all the real happiness of life, without any of those inconveniences, or ridiculous obstacles to it, which custom has introduced among us. They enjoy the love and company of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of interests or ambition to separate them. To bring things home to oneself, if *we* had been Indians, instead of its being my duty to be separated from all of you, it would, on the contrary, be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, and to hunt and fish for you: instead of Lord \* \*’s being violent against letting me marry G \* \*, he would be glad to give her to me, that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then

no cases of looking forward to the fortune for children,—of thinking how you are to live : no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England : no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, every thing here is done by one's relations—by the people one loves ; and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and bring a little water. Now the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook, or taking care of our papouses : all this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which when you were tired of, you would in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere.

“ I wish Ogilvie may get rid of Frescati

as easily; I really think, as things go, it would be a good thing; it certainly is at present a great deal of money lying dead. Besides, then, perhaps, you may settle in England, and if things turn out, as I still have hopes they will, and that I do succeed and marry dearest G \* \*, it will be much pleasanter for me. I cannot help having hopes that Lord George will at last consent, and as long as there is the smallest hope of being happy with G \* \*, it is not possible to be happy with any one else. I never can, I think, love any body as I do her, for with her I can find no fault; I may admire and love other women, but none can come in competition with her. Dearest mother, after yourself, I think she is the most perfect creature on earth.

“I hope by this time you have got dear Harry and Plenipo. Bob, they must be a great comfort to you. I am glad to hear the dear rascal G. loves me, and inquires for me; I will write to him soon. Good bye, I have nothing more to say, except that the faithful Tony inquires after you all, and seems as glad when I get a letter as if it was to him;—he always puts me in

mind to write. I have found he has one fault, he is avaricious; he begins already to count the money both he and I are to save. A thousand blessings attend you.

“E. F.

“Upon reading over your letter, I cannot finish this without saying something to Ogilvie. Don't let him be afraid of my marrying a Yahoo. As to paying my debts, it is a rascally custom I am afraid I must comply with. I wish him joy of there being no one in Dublin. Tell him he will hardly know me again, I am grown so steady. I think I hear him tell you how much I am improved. As for the lieut.-colonelcy, we will see about that.”

It has been often asserted that Lord Edward's adoption of republican principles is to be traced back to the period when he first served in America; and that it was while fighting against the assertors of liberty in that country he imbibed so strong a feeling of sympathy with their cause. This supposition, however, will be found to have but few grounds, even of probability, to support it. At that boyish

period of his life, between seventeen and twenty, he was little likely to devote any very serious consideration to the political merits of the question in which he “fleshed his maiden sword.” But, even granting him to have been disposed, under such circumstances, to consider which party was right in the struggle, the result most probably would have been,—allowing fully for the hereditary bias of his opinions,—to enlist, for the time, at least, not only his feelings, but his reason, on the side in which his own prospects and fame were immediately interested.

The situation of the soldier bears, in such cases, a resemblance to that of the lawyer, whose public duty too often compels him to be the defender of a cause, to which, out of the professional pale, his judgment and wishes are most adverse; and the sole relief left to very conscientious persons, thus situated, lies in that habit which they at last acquire (as is said to have been the case with a late eminent English lawyer) of so far shaping their judgment to their conscience as, at length, to succeed in persuading themselves that the



side of the question they have professionally adopted is also that of sound reason and right.

Of this sort of self-reconciling process, which the natural effort of the mind to recover its own esteem renders easy, Lord Edward would, no doubt, like others, have felt the tranquillizing influence, had any misgivings as to the moral character of the cause, in which he now engaged with such ardour, occurred to him. But the fact is, no misgivings of this nature suggested themselves; nor was he, at that time of his life, troubled with any of the inconvenient spirit of inquiry that would have led to them. His new career, as a soldier, alone occupied all his thoughts;—wherever fighting and promotion were to be found was to him the most welcome field; and the apprehensions which, it may be remembered, he expresses, in his letters from St. Lucia, at the near approach of peace, show how personal and professional, to the last, his views of this iniquitous war continued.

But though it is a mistake to refer so far back the origin of his republican notions, yet that to America, on this, his second,



visit to her shores, and through a very different channel both of reasoning and of feeling, he may have probably owed the first instilment of those principles into his mind, every reader, I think, of the foregoing letter will be inclined to allow. It is true, the natural simplicity and independence of his character, which led him habitually, and without effort, to forget the noble in the man, was in itself sufficient to incline him towards those equalizing doctrines which teach that

“ Where there is no difference in men’s worths,  
Titles are jests.”

In the small sphere, too, of party politics to which his speculations had been hitherto bounded, the line taken by him had been, as we have seen, in conformity with the popular principles of his family, and on the few occasions that called for their assertion, had been honourably and consistently followed. But farther or deeper than this he had not taxed his boyish thoughts to go; and what with his military pursuits, while abroad, and the course of gaiety and domestic enjoyments that awaited him at home, he

could have but little leisure to turn his mind to any other forms or relations of society than those in which he was always, so agreeably to himself and others, engaged.

At the time, however, which we are now employed in considering, a great change had taken place in the complexion of his life. Disappointment in—what, to youth, is every thing—the first strong affection of the heart, had given a check to that flow of spirits which had before borne him so buoyantly along; while his abstraction from society left him more leisure to look inquiringly into his own mind, and there gather those thoughts that are ever the fruit of long solitude and sadness. The repulse which his suit had met with from the father of his fair relative had, for its chief grounds, he knew, the inadequacy of his own means and prospects to the support of a wife and family in that style of elegant competence to which the station of the young lady herself had hitherto accustomed her; and the view, therefore, he had been disposed naturally to take of the pomps and luxuries of high life, as standing in the way of all simple and real happiness, was

thus but too painfully borne out by his own bitter experience of their influence.

In this temper of mind it was that he now came to the contemplation of a state of society (as far as it can deserve to be so called) entirely new to him; where nature had retained in her own hands not only the soil, but the inhabitants, and civilization had not yet exacted those sacrifices of natural equality and freedom by which her blessings are,—in not a few respects, perhaps, dearly,—purchased. Instead of those gradations of rank, those artificial privileges, which, as one of the means of subduing the strong to the weak, have been established, in some shape or other, in all civilized communities, he observed here no other distinction between man and man than such as nature herself, by the different apportionment of her own gifts, had marked out,—by a disparity either in mental capacity, or in those powers of agility and strength, which, where every man must depend mainly on himself, and so little is left conventional or uncontested, are the endowments most necessary. To these physical requisites, too, Lord Edward, as well from

his own personal activity, as from the military notions he in general mixed up with his views of human affairs, was inclined to attach high value.

In like manner, from the total absence, in this state of existence, of those factitious and imaginary wants which the progress of a people to refinement, at every step, engenders, he saw that not only was content more easy of attainment, but that even happiness itself, from the fewness of the ingredients necessary to it, was a far less rare compound. The natural affections, under the guidance less of reason than of instinct, were, from that very cause, perhaps, the more strong and steady in their impulses: mutual dependence kept the members of a family united; nor were there any of those calls and attractions out of the circle of home, which in civilized life so early strip it of its young props and ornaments, leaving the paternal hearth desolate.

With a yet deeper interest was it, as bearing upon his own peculiar fate, that he had observed, among this simple, and, as he thought, happy people, that by no false ambition or conventional wants were the

warm, natural dictates of affection frustrated, nor the hopes and happiness of the young made a sacrifice to the calculations of the old.

The conclusion drawn by Lord Edward, in favour of savage life, from the premises thus, half truly, half fancifully, assumed by him,—much of the colouring which he gave to the picture being itself borrowed from civilization,—had been already, it is well known, arrived at, through all the mazes of ingenious reasoning, by Rousseau ; and it is not a little curious to observe how to the very same paradox which the philosopher adopted in the mere spirit of defiance and vanity, a heart overflowing with affection and disappointment conducted the young lover.

Nor is Rousseau the only authority by which Lord Edward is kept in countenance in this opinion\*. From a far graver and more authentic source we find the same startling notion promulgated. The

\* See also Voltaire's comparison between the boors (whom he accounts the real savages) of civilized Europe and the miscalled savages of the woods of America.—*Essai sur les Mœurs*.



philosopher and statesman, Jefferson, who, from being brought up in the neighbourhood of Indian communities, had the best means of forming an acquaintance with the interior of savage life, declares himself convinced “that such societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy, in their general mass, an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments;” and, in another place, after discussing the merits of various forms of polity, he does not hesitate to pronounce that it is a problem not clear in his mind that the condition of the Indians, without any government, is not yet the best of all.

Thus, where the American President ended his course of political speculation, Lord Edward began,—adopting his opinions, not, like Jefferson, after long and fastidious inquiry, but through the medium of a susceptible and wounded heart, nor having a thought of applying the principle of equality implied in them to any other relations or institutions of society than those in which his feelings were, at the moment, interested. This romance, indeed, of savage



happiness was, in him, but one of the various forms which the passion now predominant over all his thoughts assumed. But the principle, thus admitted, retained its footing in his mind after the reveries through which it had first found its way thither had vanished; and though it was some time before politics,—beyond the range, at least, of mere party tactics,—began to claim his attention, all he had meditated and felt among the solitudes of Nova Scotia could not fail to render his mind a more ready recipient for such doctrines as he found prevalent on his return to Europe;—doctrines which, in their pure and genuine form, contained all the spirit, without the extravagance, of his own solitary dreams, and, while they would leave Man in full possession of those blessings of civilization he had acquired, but sought to restore to him some of those natural rights of equality and freedom which he had lost.

“October 6th, 1788.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“I sit down to write, and hardly know what to say: the sameness of life I lead

must make my letters very stupid ; though, if it was any where near you, it would be a very pleasant one. I begin to long very much to see you. The truth is, that I do not know when I am with you, dearest mother, how necessary you are to me. However, I contrive to be with you a great deal. I take fine long walks, and think of last year : I think of all our conversations,—our jokes,—my passions when you were troublesome and fidgety : I think of Sophy's ‘you may pretend to look melancholy,’—and Lucy's hot cheek, stuffed up in the coach, dying to get out : I think of our pleasant breakfast on the road to Orleans. In short, dearest, I have you with me always ;—I talk to you ;—I look at your meek face, when you submitted to all my little tyranny. The feel of the air even very often reminds me of you. We had just such a day a few days ago as that when we came to Aubigny, and stopped at the pleasant village. Dearest mother, when shall we have such another walk?—but I won't think of it any more.

“I am glad to tell you I have been five months away. By the time you get this I

shall have only three months to stay :—I wish I could go to sleep. I hope Ogilvie will have had good shooting. If your autumn is as fine as ours, he must have enjoyed it, and I hope he went to shoot at Kilrush. If he did, I am sure he thought of me, and wished me there, with all my bills and follies on my head. Our diversion of canoeing will be soon over. We are preparing fast for winter :—don't be afraid, I have got plenty of flannel, and have cut up one of my blankets to make a coat. By all accounts, it will be very pleasant. I have got my snow shoes ready ; with them one walks and travels easier in winter than summer : it will be quite a new scene. My talk is almost out.

“You need not be afraid of my constancy : I sincerely wish I could be otherwise, for it makes me very miserable. My only comfort is, that I think I am taking the way to succeed, besides doing what is right for every man of spirit to do. \* \*

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The uncertainty, however, is dreadful, and requires all the resolution one is master of to make one stay. I am at times on the

point of packing off, and think that seeing her—looking at her dear face, would be enough. But then it would be productive of no good: I should be wretched,—disagreeable to all my friends and not have even the consolation I have here, of thinking that I am doing my duty as a man and an officer. Good bye again. The faithful Tony talks of you a great deal: he and I have long conversations about you all every morning.”

The strong sense which he entertained of his duties as an officer,—to which all, of all ranks, that ever served with him bear witness,—will be found expressed by himself, in the following letter, with a simplicity and earnestness which would seem to render all further testimony on this point superfluous. There is however one, among the many tributes to his military character, which it would be unjust to omit,—that of the celebrated Mr. William Cobbett, who was, at the time of which we are speaking, serjeant-major of the 54th, and had even then, it is said, made himself distinguished by the vigour of his talents. To Lord

Edward's kindness Mr. Cobbett owed his subsequent discharge from the army\*; and, in the year 1800, as he himself tells us, while dining one day with Mr. Pitt, on being asked by that statesman some questions respecting his former officer, he answered that "Lord Edward was a most humane and excellent man, and the only *really honest* officer he ever knew in the army."

"October 28th, 1788.

"Indeed, dearest mother, being so long and far away from you is terrible. To think that one is in a good way is but poor consolation. However, on considering all things, one can reconcile one's self to it now better than at any other time. Certainly, by being here now for a year, I have a better plea, in case I change regiments, to stay at home, than if I had remained there upon my first coming on full pay. Besides, it is doing my duty myself, according to

\* "I got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then Major of my regiment."—*Cobbett's Advice to Young Men*.



those strict rules I require from others, and entering into the true, proper spirit of a soldier, without which spirit a military life is and must be the devil. No person of feeling and justice can require from others what he won't do himself. Besides, one learns, I am sure, more in half a year with one's regiment than in two years' reading. Theory without practice will not do ; and, by being long idle, one loses that confidence in one's self which is necessary for an officer who is to have any command.

“ If I had stayed, too, I should always have been miserable about G \* \*. I could not have enjoyed any thing. I am always disagreeable when I am in love, and perhaps you would all have grown to *think* me disagreeable. You know, when I am with you, I forget the comfort you are to me ; and I should of course not have had, as now, the consciousness that I am doing my duty to keep me up. Another thing, too, I will own, that after the part dear Leinster has acted, I should have been ashamed to show my face in Ireland. The feel of being ashamed of the actions of one we love is dreadful, and I certainly this winter would



not have supported him, though I would not oppose him : he would have been angry, and there would have been a coolness which would have vexed me very much. I have had many quiet serious hours here to think about what he has done, and I cannot reconcile myself to it by any argument. His conduct both to the public and individuals is not what it ought to have been. In short, my dear mother, it hurts me very much, though I do all I can to get the better of it. I know it is weakness and folly, but then the action is done,—the shame is incurred.

“Pray tell Ogilvie that I seriously beg he will not even mention or do any thing about my lieut.-colonelcy. I am determined to have nothing till I am out of parliament : at least I am contented with my rank and my situation. I have no ambition for rank ; and however I might be flattered by getting on, it would never pay me for a blush for my actions. The feeling of shame is what I never could bear. The *mens conscia recti* (Ogilvie will construe this for you) is the only thing that makes life supportable. With the help he has

given, dear fellow, to Kilrush, and my present rank, I shall do very well. And pray do you tell Leinster from me, that I do not wish to purchase at present, or that he should do any thing about a lieut.-colonelcy. I know dear Ogilvie, in his affection and eagerness for me, will be provoked; but then he must consider, that, feeling this way, I am right. Pray represent it strongly to him, and make him remember how obstinate I am when once I take a resolution. To make up for all this, tell him I am going on prudently in the money way here, and am in hopes to return with a little cash in my pocket.

“I have been obliged to stop my studying for some time, and have been employed in building huts, or rather barracks, for a part of our regiment. It is a scheme of Lord Dorchester’s, but he had found so many difficulties opposed to it, that it was never undertaken. These, however, I have got over, notwithstanding engineers, artificers, barrack-masters, old officers, &c. &c., and hope I shall succeed. You may guess how eager I have been. This is all the news I have about myself.

Our winter is setting in violently, thank God. I shall visit you with the swallows : —I wish I could be frozen till then. Good bye : ten thousand loves.”

The allusions, in the foregoing letter, to the Duke of Leinster, require some explanation. On the appointment of the Marquis of Buckingham, for the second time, to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, the popularity which his first short administration had obtained, secured for him a reception of the most enthusiastic kind; and not only was the general tone of opposition considerably softened down during the whole session of 1788, but some of those who had been, up to this period, most constant to the Whig ranks, now thought themselves justified in supporting and even taking office under Lord Buckingham's government. Among these new converts to the Castle was the Duke of Leinster, and to his grace's desertion from the standard of Opposition, Lord Edward's letters, at this period, allude.

“ November 1, 1788.

“ MY DEAR OGILVIE,

“ I am sure you will be sorry to hear you were a good prophet, in foretelling that my lieut.-colonel would go home. It is exactly as you said : he has taken himself off, and left me the honour of commanding the regiment here. Therefore, if I don't get the king's leave, I must stay two years, if the regiment don't go home. I have written to uncle Richmond, to beg he will procure me leave, or try and get the regiment home, which it is well entitled to, as it has been fifteen years in this country. I think you had better not say any thing of this to mother; and caution any of them that should hear of it not to mention it to her. It would really be too bad to stay here two years.

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“ Good bye, my good friend; I wish you a pleasant winter, but am very glad I do not pass it with you; for, take all into the bargain, I am certainly better here. Leinster's conduct is too foolish and too shabby—I hate thinking of it; I am determined, however, it shall not vex me;

but that I may be totally clear, I must beg you will not mention any thing about me to him. This hanged majority brought me into one scrape unwillingly, but for the time to come I am determined to be clear. Do not, my dear friend, let your eagerness for my welfare make you stir in this, for you really will vex me very much if you do ; you know I am an odd fellow, and you must give way to me.

“ I am sorry to hear dear Harry has got into a little kind of a scrape with uncle Richmond about canvassing,—I own I think it was natural for him to do so ; but in the particular situation of things I wish he had not taken a part, as Charles Fox himself was not concerned. I am glad I was away, for I certainly would not have canvassed for Hood. Tony says, if Lord Robert goes on in the way he is doing, he will soon be a major. I believe Henry and I are the only two honest ones in the family.”

It was, at first, evidently the intention of Lord Edward, as well as of his brother, Lord



Henry, not to identify themselves with the Duke of Leinster's new line of politics, but to remain in opposition. The prospect, however, of such a political schism in the family exciting alarm in the Duke of Richmond, he addressed a letter, full of affectionate remonstrance, to Lord Edward, who allowed himself to be so far softened by his uncle's appeal as to consent that, while he continued the Duke of Leinster's member, his vote should be, as hitherto, at his grace's disposal. At the same time, it will be seen, while yielding thus to family feelings, he took care that no views of interest should be supposed to have influenced the concession, nor his own future independence compromised by the acceptance of any favour from those he joined.

Considering how lax were the notions prevalent, at that period, among Irishmen, of both parties, on the subjects of patronage and jobbing, this sacrifice, on the part of Lord Edward, of the fondest object of his ambition, military promotion, to a feeling which he well knew all con-



nected with him would consider foolishly punctilious, required no ordinary effort of character, and most abundantly disproves the story so often repeated, that to his mortification at having been passed over by government on some occasion of promotion, the whole origin of his revolutionary fervour is to be attributed.

“ November 21, 1788.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

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“ I have got a letter from uncle Richmond, which was as kind as possible; every thing he does only makes one love him the more. He says, in his letter, that, as Leinster is come over completely to government, he can see no reason why I should not now act with my brother and uncle. In my answer I have agreed with him, and said that I certainly shall; because, upon consideration, though I think Leinster wrong, and told him so beforehand, yet as he *has* taken that part, it would be wrong not to support him—we being certainly his members, and brought in by him with an idea

that he might depend upon our always acting with him.

“ With all this, however, I am determined *not* to take any thing, lieut.-colonelcy or any thing else. I wish my actions not to be biassed by any such motive; but that I may feel I am only acting in this manner, because I think it right. Besides, by my taking nothing, Leinster can the more easily provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to make provision for. I have written to uncle Richmond to this same purpose, telling how I meant to act, and how I felt, and therefore trust he will not persist in trying to get me a lieut.-colonelcy. I am content as I am; —I am not ambitious to get on. I like the service for its own sake, whether major, lieut.-colonel, or general, it is the same to me. High rank in it, I do not aspire to; if I am found fit for command, I shall get it; if I am not, God knows, I am better without it. The sole ambition I have is to be deserving: to deserve a reward is to me far pleasanter than to obtain it. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about

this; but as it is a folly that hurts nobody, it may have its fling. I will not, however, trouble you any more about all this hanged stuff, for I am tired of thinking of it.

“ I will now give you some account of myself, *what* I do, and *how* I do. Our winter is quite set in, and the river frozen over, and I am skating from morning till night. I don't know how long the rage will last, but while it does, it is very pleasant: I begin in the morning as soon as it is light, stay till breakfast, go out, and stay again till it is time to dress and parade. Luckily, I have no other necessary business now, for our drilling is over till spring, except twice a week taking a good long march; the snow, I believe, will soon stop that, and then I mean to go to Quebec in snow shoes. I believe I shall be out most of the winter. I have two or three hunting parties to go on, and they seldom last less than a fortnight; these, and my journey to Quebec, and some excursions from thence, will take up most of my winter. I long to give you an account of some of my trips: the idea of being out of

doors, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and of overcoming all the difficulties of nature, by the ingenuity of man, delights me. Every body who has tried this says, it is much the warmest way of living in winter; for, by being in the woods, you are sheltered from the winds; and, at night, by clearing away the snow, banking it up round, and in the middle of the space making a large fire, you are much warmer than in the best house. This is what I hear.

“ You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods in winter as well as in summer. I believe I shall never again be prevailed on to live in a house. I long to teach you all how to make a good spruce bed. Three of the coldest nights we have had yet, I slept in the woods with only one blanket, and was just as comfortable as in a room. It was in a party with Gen. Carleton, we went about twenty miles from this to look at a fine tract of land that had been passed over in winter. You may guess how I enjoyed this expedition, being where, in all probability, there had never

been but one person before ; we struck the land the first night and lay there ; we spent three days afterwards in going over it. It will be now soon settled. I cannot describe all the feelings one has in these excursions, when one wakens,—perhaps in the middle of the night, in a fine open forest, all your companions snoring about you, the moon shining through the trees, the burning of the fire,—in short, every thing strikes you. Dearest, dearest mother, how I have thought of you at those times, and of all at dear Frescati ! and after being tired of thinking, lying down like a dog, and falling asleep till day-break ; then getting up, no dressing, or clothing, or trouble, but just giving oneself a shake, and away to the spring to wash one's face. I have had two parties with the savages which are still pleasanter,—you may guess the reason—there are *des dames*, who are the most comical creatures in the world.”

“ December, 1788.

“ MY DEAR OGILVIE,

“ I am much obliged to you for your comfortable long letter of September 25th.



I am not affronted at your remark on a 'paucity of ideas' and 'an empty skull,' and agree with you, that they are great blessings. Notwithstanding you declare you did not mean *me*, yet I do plead a little guilty to a 'paucity of ideas.' I like my mother's thinking I should be affronted! Tell her that in New Brunswick one cannot afford to be affronted with those one loves. One of the good things we learn by absence from friends is, seeing the folly of being huffed or affronted at trifles. I often think now, what a number of happy times I have lost by being angry at things that have passed when we were all together; whereas here, where I am among people I don't care much for, I am never out of temper. It really is, when one considers it, ridiculous."

" February 2, 1789.

" You see, my dear O., by this letter that though you have not heard from me, it is not my fault. Ever since the setting in of winter we have been blocked up, and have had no communication with New York, where all the packets go now. I have



been snow-shoeing continually, reading a good deal, and improving, I think, in my profession. If I had some of the people I loved with me, I should lead a happy life, —the only drawback I have is the distance from them.

“I have been out hunting, and like it very much,—it makes me *un peu sauvage*, to be sure. I am to set out in two days for Canada; it is a journey of one hundred and seventy-five miles, and I go straight through the woods. There is an officer of the regiment goes with me. We make altogether a party of five,—Tony, two woodsmen, the officer, and myself. We take all our provision with us on tabargins. It will appear strange to you, or any people in England, to think of starting in February, with four feet snow on the ground, to march through a desert wood of one hundred and seventy-five miles; but it is nothing. You may guess we have not much baggage. It will be a charming journey, I think, and quite new. We are to keep a reckoning the same as at sea. I am to steer, but under the direction of a woodsman. I was out on an excursion the other day, and steered the

whole way, and though I traversed a great deal in between thirty and thirty-five miles, out and in, I was not a half mile out of my course where I intended to strike.

“ Besides this being a pleasant journey, it will be also instructive, as I go through the frontiers of our provinces, and see the kind of country, if ever there is a war, that we are likely to act in. A journey, too, of this kind, opens one’s eyes with regard to what men can do, and shows that there is almost no difficulty that cannot be overcome by the perseverance and ingenuity of man. It certainly would appear odd to a European officer, who had not passed a winter here, to be told that winter would be the best time to move troops; and yet, from what I have seen, I am almost confident it would be so. However, I shall know better after my journey. I really believe the only difficult part would be, getting over the prejudice of obstinate fools. General Carleton, who has seen a great deal of service, is of my opinion: he began to try it the latter end of last war, and succeeded so far as to get his regiment on snow shoes, but had not tried any long marches, and since

the war it has fallen through. I wanted to get snow shoes for our men this year, but it was too expensive.

“ You may judge, with all these ideas floating in my head, how I long to be on my journey: our route will be quite a new one, and has not yet been gone by any body except Indians. How delightful it will be when we strike the river St. Lawrence, after being about twenty days in the woods; while, on the road, every river, or any thing else we meet, will be a kind of discovery! Our course is to be north,  $60^{\circ} 30'$  west:—but I fear I shall tire you with all this, so I won't trouble you any more. When at Quebec, I will write to you. As soon as we are well rested, I propose setting out from thence to Niagara; but my letter from Quebec will inform you better of my schemes, as I shall know more of the matter then; and while there, I expect to get letters from some of you.

“ I have mislaid your letter, but remember you say something about a road:—I certainly did order Feniarty to do it. *Les absens ont toujours tort*; therefore I must

pay for it. It would be too bad to let the poor man suffer: pray tell Wolf I feel very much obliged to him for the pains he has been at about it. I think it very shabby in the other gentlemen of the county to have taken advantage of my absence, but I believe there is *un bien clique* of fellows in that county: pray do not let any of them into Kilrush, for they will only distress and domineer over the poor tenants. I am glad to hear that, upon the whole, the little spot gets on. I believe you will make something of it at last. So much for business. I have only spent my pay yet, and shall not want any money till I go home. I am richer than ever I was yet. I have always £25 or £30 to the good, and pay ready money. I have given away a good deal besides—more than I did at home. I certainly manage very well.

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“ Give my love to all the dear girls. Tell them I am as great a fool as ever: I am afraid that it will stick to me all the days of my life. I often long to lay aside the character of major commanding his majesty’s regiment, to play the fool and

buffoon;—I am sure if Ciss was here I should. I know this will provoke you.

“God bless you, my dear Ogilvie. Ten thousand loves to dearest mother. Tell her *le petit sauvage* will think of her often in the woods. Indeed, the more savage I am, the more I love her. She has a rope about my heart that gives hard tugs at it, and it is all I can do not to give way. Good bye again. I hate ending a letter.”

“Quebec, March 14, 1789.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“I got here yesterday, after a very long, and what some people would think, a very tedious and fatiguing journey; but to me it was at worst only a little fatiguing; and, to make up for that, it was delightful, and quite new. We were thirty days on our march, twenty-six of which we were in the wood, and never saw a soul but our own party.

“You must know we came through a part of the country that had been always reckoned impassable. In short, instead of going a long way about, we determined to try and get straight through the woods,



and see what kind of country it was. I believe I mentioned my party in a letter to Ogilvie before I left St. Anne's or Fredericktown: it was an officer of the regiment, Tony, and two woodsmen. The officer and I used to draw part of our baggage day about, and the other day steer, which we did so well, that we made the point we intended within ten miles. We were only wrong in computing our distances, and making them a little too great, which obliged us to follow a new course, and make a river which led us round to Quebec, instead of going straight to it. However, we gained by it; for though, when we took the river, we were only twenty miles from Quebec, yet the country between was so mountainous and bad, we should have been two days longer than by the river. I am talking, I fear, unintelligible language to you, but I hope soon, dear, dear mother, to explain it.

“ I expect my leave by the first despatches, and will lose no time when I get it. I shall not be able to leave this part of the world till May, as I cannot get my leave before that. How I do long to see



you! Your old love, Lord Dorchester, is very civil to me. I must, though, tell you a little more of the journey: after making the river, we fell in with some savages, and travelled with them to Quebec; they were very kind to us, and said we were ‘all one brother’—all ‘one Indian.’ They fed us the whole time we were with them. You would have laughed to have seen me carrying an old squaw’s pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it. However, I was well paid whenever we stopped, for she always gave me the best bits, and most soup, and took as much care of me as if I had been her own son: in short, I was quite *l’enfant chéri*. We were quite sorry to part: the old lady and gentleman both kissed me very heartily. I gave the old lady one of Sophia’s silver spoons, which pleased her very much.

“When we got here, you may guess what figures we were: we had not shaved or washed during the journey; our blanket, coats, and trousers all worn out and pieced:—in short, we went to two or three houses and they would not let us in.

There was one old lady, exactly the *hôtresse* in Gil Blas, *elle me prit la mesure du pied jusqu'à la tête*, and told me there was one room, without a stove or bed, next a billiard room, which I might have if I pleased; and when I told her we were gentlemen, she very quietly said, 'I dare say you are,' and off she went. However, at last we got lodgings in an ale-house, and you may guess eat well and slept well, and went next day, well dressed, with one of Lord Dorchester's aides-de-camp to triumph over the old lady; in short,—exactly the story in Gil Blas. We are quite curiosities here after our journey; some think we were mad to undertake it; some think we were lost; some will have it we were starved; in short, there are a thousand lies, but we are safe and well, enjoying rest and good eating most completely. One ought really to take these fillips now and then; they make one enjoy life a great deal more.

“The hours here are a little inconvenient to us as yet: whenever we wake at night, we want to eat, the same as in the woods, and as soon as we eat, we want to sleep. In our

journey we were always up two hours before day to load and get ready to march ; we used to stop between three and four, and it generally took us from that till night to shovel out the snow, cut wood, cook, and get ready for night ; so that immediately after our suppers, we were asleep, and whenever any one wakes in the night, he puts some wood on the fire, and eats a bit before he lies down again ; but for my part, I was not much troubled with waking in the night.

“ I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper, and a hard moose chase in a fine clear frosty moonlight starry night. But to enter into the spirit of this, you must understand what a moose chase is : the man himself runs the moose down by pursuing *the track*. Your success in killing depends on the number of people you have to pursue and relieve one another in going first (which is the fatiguing part of snow-shoeing), and on the depth and hardness of the snow ; for when the snow is hard, and has a crust, the moose cannot get on, as it

cuts his legs, and then he stops to make battle. But when the snow is soft, though it be above his belly, he will go on, three, four, or five days, for then the man cannot get on so fast, as the snow is heavy, and he only gets his game by perseverance,—an Indian never gives him up.

“We had a fine chase after one, and ran him down in a day and a half, though the snow was very soft; but it was so deep the animal was up to his belly every step. We started him about twelve o’clock one day, left our baggage, took three days’ bread, two days’ pork, our axe and fireworks, and pursued. He beat us at first all to nothing; towards evening we had a sight of him, but he beat us again: we encamped that night, eat our bit of pork, and gave chase again, as soon as we could see the track in the morning. In about an hour we roused the fellow again, and off he set, fresh to all appearance as ever; but in about two hours after we perceived his steps grew shorter, and some time after we got sight. He still, however, beat us; but at last we evidently perceived he began to tire; we saw he began to turn

oftener ; we got accordingly courage, and pursued faster, and at last, for three quarters of an hour, in fine open wood, pursued him all the way in sight, and came within shot ;—he stopped, but in vain, poor animal.

“ I cannot help being sorry now for the poor creature,—and was then. At first it was charming, but as soon as we had him in our power, it was melancholy ; however, it was soon over, and it was no pain to him. If it was not for this last part, it would be a delightful amusement. I am sorry to say, though, that in a few hours the good passion wore off, and the animal one predominated. I enjoyed most heartily the eating him and cooking him :—in short, I forgot the animal, and only thought of my hunger and fatigue. We are beasts, dearest mother, I am sorry to say it. In two days after, we joined our baggage, and pursued our journey.

“ My letter is getting too long, and all about myself ;—you know I hate that, but I must give you some of my intended motions. I set out for Niagara, as soon as possible, and by my return expect to



find my leave, and a ship to take me to my dearest mother. God alone knows how I long to be with you! my heart cannot be content while I am so far away from you. Give my love to all. How I long to feel all your arms about my neck!—but, if I give way to these thoughts, I shall be good for nothing. As it is, I am always low spirited after writing, for two days at least:—otherwise perfectly well. I am sure it will be pleasant to you to find that cold as well as heat agrees with me; so you may be always easy about me, dearest mother. If G \* \* should love me, when I go home, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world,—that is the only drawback I feel in the happiness of seeing you all so soon.

“ Pray write to uncle Richmond; I would write, if there was time, but I have only time to fill up this. Give my affectionate love to him. Ten thousand million blessings attend you all, dearest, dearest mother. I will see you soon,—what happiness! It has been a long year, but I did all I could to shorten it. I wish I was in the woods, tired and sleepy, I should soon forget you all. Love to dear aunt Louisa.



When I end a letter, the thoughts of you all come so thick upon me, I don't know which to speak to,—so in a lump, God bless you, men, women, and children. I am going foolish.

“ E. F.”

While his lordship was engaged in this difficult and adventurous journey, out of which none but a spirit and frame hardy as his own could have contrived to extract enjoyment, affairs interesting both to his family and himself were taking place in England, where, on account of the serious illness of the king, at the commencement of the year, it had become necessary to bring under the consideration of Parliament the speedy establishment of a Regency. The Duke of Leinster, whose late desertion from the ranks of the Opposition had been regarded less, perhaps, with anger than regret by his party, was now, by the line he took on the great question of the Regency, in the Irish House of Lords, restored to his natural position ; and was one of the personages deputed to carry that memorable Address to the Prince of Wales, on which,

from the glimpse it gave of the consequences likely to arise from the exercise of a separate will by Ireland, was founded one of the most plausible pretexts for the extinction of her Legislature.

The following letter of Mr. Fox to Lord Henry Fitzgerald, written during the progress of the Regency Bill through Parliament, will show that Mr. Fox's opinion of the short aberration of the Duke of Leinster coincided with that of Lord Edward, and may also convey some notion of the kind and friendly interest with which the latter was always regarded by that distinguished statesman.

“ Bath, February 1, 1789.

“ MY DEAR HENRY,

“ I am sure you will not much wonder at my not having yet answered your letter, when you consider that I have had both sickness and business to prevent me. You may assure the Duke of Leinster from me that nothing can give me greater satisfaction than the prospect of our acting together in politics, and you know, though I could not so far dissemble as to say I ap-

proved of what I did not, I never had a feeling towards him inconsistent with that kindness which naturally belongs to so long, and in the earlier part of our lives, so very intimate an acquaintance. With respect to you and Edward, I must be ungrateful indeed, if I did not consider the opportunity of showing my friendship to you two, as one of the pleasantest circumstances attending power. One of the first acts of the Regency will be to make Edward lieut.-colonel of the Royal Irish; and if a scheme, which is in agitation, takes place, I think I shall have an opportunity of getting for you, too, a lift in your profession, which I take for granted is your principal object. As I shall probably return to my old office of Foreign Affairs, I should be glad to know whether you or Edward have any inclination to foreign employment, that I may have a view to your wishes in future arrangements. With regard to Lord Robert, he must wait a little; but if our administration continues, you may be assured that his prospects shall not be the worse for one cousin being in power rather than another. Pray give my

love to the D. L., and believe me, my dear Henry,

“ Most sincerely yours,

“ C. J. Fox.”

The plan of Lord Edward's route through the woods, of which we have given an engraving, was forwarded from Quebec to the Duke of Richmond, by Mr. Hamilton Moore, with the letter that follows :—

“ Quebec, May 22, 1789.

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ I take the liberty of enclosing to your grace, by the hands of Mr. Jones, a sketch of Lord Edward's route from Fredericks-town, in New Brunswick, to this place. It was really an arduous and dangerous undertaking, entirely through uninhabited woods, morasses, and mountains, a route never before attempted, even by the Indians. He was only attended by a Mr. Brisbane, a brother officer, and his own servant. In such expeditions lord and servant are alike, for each must carry his own

provisions. They accomplished the journey in twenty-six days, lying out of course at night in the woods, without any covering except their blanket-coats. They steered by compass, and so well as to enter the river St. Lawrence, within a league of Quebec, in a direct line from Fredericks-town. Your grace will perceive the journey was accomplished in 175 miles,—the way always before travelled, by the rivers St. John, Madwaska, and Kamouraska, being at least 375 miles.

“ Lord Edward left this the latter end of April in high health and spirits, on his route to Europe, by the river Mississippi and the gulf of Mexico, and through Spain; it will be a tedious journey, the entrance of the river being upwards of 600 leagues from hence. I shall perhaps hear of Lord Edward on his journey; any thing that occurs, the least interesting to your grace’s family, I shall take the liberty of communicating, as a countryman feeling highly interested for every branch of it. Lord Edward has met with the esteem and admiration of all here, and, I must say, without flattery, deservedly so—and I hope yet



to see him at the head of his profession, for which he seems so well formed.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ HAMILTON MOORE.”

“ Quebec, April 12th, 1789.

“ MY DEAR OGILVIE,

“ You or my mother will have got by this time the letter I wrote on my arrival. I had not then perfectly determined on my future movements, but my plans are now all fixed. I found, upon inquiry, that there was no getting from hence directly till June. I therefore determined to make the best of my time here, by seeing all our outposts, and to do that perfectly it will take me to the month of July, as they are more extensive than I thought. Now when I get to the upper country, it will not make more than a month's difference whether I go down the Mississippi to New Orleans or return here. I have therefore resolved to take that tour: it will, to be sure, make three months difference in the time of seeing you; but then I really think the object is worth while. I can never have such another opportunity: certainly I shall

never be here again at twenty-five, and in good health.

“ I have a great many struggles with myself about it :—the temptation of going home and seeing you all, and living quietly with you at Frescati till the regiment returns, is very great. But then again the curiosity I have to make this tour,—and I may say, indeed, I *always* have had the desire, though I thought it very unlikely I should ever be able to put it in execution. Then again when I consider that I shall see a country which must soon be a scene of action, and that very probably I may be myself employed there, I am spurred on to undertake it. I have, besides, some schemes of my own, which this journey will be of great use in clearing up my ideas upon : they are too long to mention now, but when we meet we will talk them over.

“ You see I either have, or fancy I have, good reasons for undertaking the journey ; at home you will think it, perhaps, a little mad, but if you were here I am sure you would do it yourself. It will be a little fatiguing, but that you know I don't mind.

It will not be very expensive, particularly as I go all the first part with a relief of troops that are proceeding up as far as Lake Superior. I am not quite determined whether I will go up quite so far, perhaps only as far as Detroit, from that to the Fort Pitt, and from thence to the Ohio, and down it to the Mississippi. However, before I set off, you shall hear. When once I begin to go south, I shall go faster than my letter.

“ I long to set out. You cannot think how eager I am about this journey—*j’ai la tête montée* about it. If it were not for the time it will keep me from dearest, dearest mother, I should be perfectly happy in the idea of it; but then again, when I think the little difference it will make, and that the longer one is away the happier one is to meet, and that I shall have so much to tell her!—why I shall have stories enough to set her to sleep for a year. I expect in the winter to have you all about me, listening to all the wonders I have seen.

“ I heard about you all from a woman here, an acquaintance of Mrs. Ward’s, but

I have not had any letters from yourselves since November. It is terrible to be so long without letters, but as I heard you were all well, I am easy. We are all anxious here to know about the Regency. I have no idea what turn affairs will take: there certainly will be great confusion. I am afraid it will be of dis-service to England in the present state of Europe; but it will be all settled by the time I come, so I won't trouble my brain about it.

\* \* \* \*

“How did poor Kilrush do this summer? I should like to hear about it. I will write to mother by another post, that goes from this on the 18th, though I own I am a little afraid. I know she will be angry with me for a short while, but *you* must take my part. Dear soul, when she reflects, she will forgive me, for she is all reason.

\* \* \* \*

“Since I began this, the lieut.-governor of Quebec is dead. It is a place of £1600 a year, and I think would do very well for Charles. The day before he died I was in treaty for his lieut.-colonelcy in the 44th

regiment. If he had lived two days longer, I should have had it. We are here so ignorant about the politics in England, one does not know how to try for it. In case the ministry are changed, Leinster cannot with conscience ask any thing; and, if he goes out, I certainly would not go against him and the Duke of Richmond for all the lieut.-colonelcies in the world. If there *is* a change, he and Charles will be a little puzzled; but I would at any time rather go out with them than in with them."

" Montreal, May 4th, 1789.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,

" I have been here a week, and set off in a few hours to begin my long journey. The weather is charming,—no snow, every thing green:—but Emily Montague will tell you all that better than I can. Really, after our long winter, we *do* enjoy spring. Ten days ago, I set out from Quebec in five feet of snow. I am delighted to be on the go again. I shall see Niagara in high perfection. I am in good health and in good spirits. I heard from a gentleman



here about you all: you were all well, thank God; but I have not heard myself a great while, though I wish to hear. I believe it is better not, for I should want to go home, and not see all I intend to do:—at present, *je m'étourdis là-dessus*; and I am determined to make use of my time. One of your letters would weaken me, dear mother; and, till I see you, the less I think of you the better. When once I get home, I shall stick close for a great while.

“I have nothing new to tell you, for at Quebec and here I have done nothing but feast, and I am horribly tired of it: my letters from up the country will be pleasanter. The Canadians are good people,—very like the French, and of course I like them. There was one family at Quebec very pleasant and very good to me,—a mother and two pretty daughters. Don't be afraid—I was not in love. We were very sorry to part. However, it did not last long. I tell it you, because it was the only kind feel I have had for a woman since I left England. I wish it had lasted a little longer.

“What would I give to hear a pleasant account of G \* \* ! but I despair—so will not think of it. I suppose Fred. is married by this time. I should like to hear how you have gone on with the dear, dear girls in London ; but I won’t think of or about any of you. Love to every body. God bless you, dearest, dearest mother—how I long to be with you ! I am an odd fellow.—Good bye.—I won’t let myself think of you again till I am in the Mississippi.”

“Fort Erie, June 1, 1789.

“DEAREST MOTHER,

“I am just come from the Falls of Niagara. To describe them is impossible. I stayed three days admiring, and was absolutely obliged to tear myself away at last. As I said before, to describe them would be impossible :—Homer could not in writing, nor Claude Lorraine in painting : your own imagination must do it. The immense height and noise of the Falls, the spray that rises to the clouds—in short, it forms all together a scene that is well worth the trouble of coming from Europe to

see. Then, the greenness and tranquillity of every thing about, the quiet of the immense forests around, compared with the violence of all that is close to the Falls,—but I will not go on, for I should never end.

\* \* \* \*

“ I set out to-morrow for Detroit: I go with one of the Indian chiefs, Joseph Brant, he that was in England. We have taken very much to one another. I shall entertain you very much with his remarks on England, and the English, while he was there. Instead of crossing Lake Erie in a ship, I go in canoes up and down rivers. In crossing Lake Ontario, I was as sick as at sea,—so you may guess I prefer canoeing;—besides, my friend Joseph always travels with company; and we shall go through a number of Indian villages. If you only stop an hour, they have a dance for you. They are delightful people; the ladies charming, and with manners that I like very much, they are so natural. Notwithstanding the life they lead, which would make most women rough and masculine,

they are as soft, meek, and modest as the best brought up girls in England. At the same time, they are coquettes *au possible*. Conceive the manners of Mimi in a poor *squaw*, that has been carrying packs in the woods all her life.

“ I must make haste and finish my letter, for I am just going to set off. I shall be at Michilimackinack in nineteen days. My journey then will be soon over, for from that I shall soon reach the Mississippi, and down it to New Orleans, and then to my dearest mother to Frescati, to relate all my journey in the little book-room. I shall then be happy. Give my love to all. I think often of you all in these wild woods:—they are better than rooms. Ireland and England will be too little for me when I go home. If I could carry my dearest mother about with me, I should be completely happy here.”

“ Detroit, June 20.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“ It is so hot I can hardly hold the pen. My hand trembles so, you will be hardly

able to read my letter. My journey quite answered my expectations. I set out to-morrow for Michilimackinack, and then down the Mississippi. I am in rude health. As soon as I get to the Mississippi I reckon my journey half over. I can say no more, for really it is too hot for any thing but lying on a mat. *Entre nous*, I am in a little sorrow, as I am to part to-morrow with a fellow-traveller who has been very pleasant and taken great care of me:—*les plus courtes folies sont les meilleures*. I have been adopted by one of the Nations, and am now a thorough Indian.”

His adoption by the native Indians, which he here mentions, took place at Detroit, through the medium of the Chief of the Six Nations, David Hill, by whom he was formally inducted into the Bear Tribe, and made one of their Chiefs. The document by which this wild honour was conferred upon him has been preserved among his papers, and is, in Indian and English, as follows:—



“ David Hill’s letter to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Chief of the Bear Tribe.

*“ Waghgongh Sen non Pryer  
Ne nen Seghyrage ni i  
Ye Sayats Eghnidai*

*Ethonayyere                      David Hill*

*Karonghyontye*

*Iyogh Saghnonityon*

*21 June, 1789.*

*“ I, David Hill, Chief of the Six Nations,  
give the name of Eghnidai to my friend  
Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for which I hope  
he will remember me as long as he lives.*

*“ The name belongs to the Bear Tribe.”*

*“ Michilimackinack,  
July 9, 1789.*

*“ DEAREST MOTHER,*

*“ I know you will be a little angry with  
me for undertaking this long journey. I  
really believe that had I thought it would  
have taken me so much time I should not  
have begun it; but as I have got so far, it*

would be foolish not to continue and finish it well. I have now but one month more of hard work to gain the Mississippi, and then I shall get on easily. However, I am afraid the different embarkations, and the chance of not finding ships ready, will prevent my being in England till February.

“What vexes me most is that you will be uneasy at not hearing from me during that time. But then you may rest assured, dearest mother, that I am quite well all the time, for this going about keeps me in perfect health. I have not had so much as a finger-ache since I left England: and if it was not for my absence from you, I should be perfectly happy. Even if I was at home, being with *you* would be my only comfort; for though I force myself not to think of \* \* here, and go on very well, yet if I were near her, I should, I know, get unhappy again; and it would end in my going to Germany or Russia, which would be still worse than this. When I am not happy, I must either be soldiering or preparing to be a soldier,—which is what I think I am doing in this journey,—for stay quiet, I believe, I cannot. Why did you

give me either such a head or such a heart? I don't know which it is; but,—dearest mother, once I get home, you shall do what you please with me, and chain me down to Frescati.

“I long to be set a-going again,—it is the only chance I have. I set out to-morrow. I have got a canoe, with five men,—every thing is laid in:—I am obliged to have one to myself to carry a few presents for the Indian villages I pass through. Except Indian corn and grease, we depend entirely on chance for every thing else. You cannot conceive how pleasant this way of travelling is: it is a hunting or shooting party the whole way. I find I can live very well on Indian corn and grease:—it sounds bad, but it is not so: I eat nothing else for four days coming here. Few people know how little is necessary to live. What is called and thought *hardship* is nothing: *one* unhappy feeling is worse than a thousand years of it.

“The Canadian *engagés* here live on nothing but two handfuls of corn and an ounce of grease per day, and work and sing the whole day. It is very pleasant to travel

with them. They sing all day, and keep time with their paddles: their lively, gay, *sans souci* French blood never leaves them: they are the same in America as in France. This next part of the journey will be, I think, the most interesting and agreeable I have had yet, as the people I go among live more in their own way, and have less connexion with Europeans. It will give a long story for Black Rock."

We have seen how sanguinely, throughout the greater part of his journey, he still cherished the thought that, even yet, the fond prayer of his heart might be granted, and the young person he so tenderly loved become his own. But this dream was, unfortunately, soon to have an end. At the beginning of December, having descended the Mississippi, he arrived at New Orleans. It had been his wish to extend his journey still further, and to pay a visit to the Silver Mines of Spanish America; but, on applying to the proper authorities for permission, it was, as we learn from his own letters, refused to him. His friends at home, indeed, had heard with consider-

able apprehension of his purposed visit to the Mines; as, in the event of a war, which seemed now inevitable, between England and Spain, such a journey would be attended with embarrassment, if not danger. The refusal, however, of the Mexican governor to give him permission put a stop to his design; and he was now, therefore, on the wing for his beloved home, anticipating all the welcome and the happiness which his own affection, he could not but feel, deserved.

It was at this very moment, — while so fondly persuading himself that the fair object of his passion might, one day, be his own, — he received intelligence that in the month of April preceding, she had become the wife of another. Such a shock, to a heart buoyant as his, came but the heavier for the self-illusion he had been indulging; and, had it not been for his mother, whose existence, he knew, was locked up in his, it may be doubted whether he would ever again have returned to England.

The two following letters to his brother Lord Robert (of which I find copies among

the papers in my possession) were the last that he now wrote from America; and the subdued tone in which he here speaks on the subject nearest his heart only shows how deep and strong must have been the feeling that required such an effort of self-control in the expression of it.

“ Nueva Orelans, 7 Dec. 1789.

“ QUERIDO ROBERTO,

“ Te maravillarai mucho al recibir una carta mia, su fecha en esta plaza. La dirixo por el *Cabo Frances*, y yo pienso salir de aqui alfin de Enero o principio de Febrero en un barco que saldra directamente para Londres. Por el *Correo de la Europa* vio que eres verdaderamente *Plenipo-Bob*. Te felicito, y me alegro por la satisfaccion que conosco te causa. Las ultimas tuyas que he recebido son confechas en Abril. Ala verdad no me dieron las noticias mas agradables; pero me conformé con llevar con paciencia las vicissitudes humanas, pensando en esto como uno verdadero Philosopho, y ya no pienso mas en ellas; porque mi feliz temperamento no me permite pensar mucho tiempo en cosas desagradables.



“ Di a nuestra amada madre que me mantengo siempre bueno, y alegre, en excepcion de aquellos ratos (que son frecuentes) que se me presenta a la memoria. Di la que me he applicado al estudio de la lingua Espanola, a fin de ahorrarme de alguno modo la innutil pena de pensar continuamente in un objeto cuya vesta separa tanta distancia y agua y tierra: alguna vezes es mas forte que yo, y entonces so bueno para nada.

“ Celebro mucho saber el casamiento de Charlotte; y espero que estara de vuelta antes que yo llegué. Pudiera escribirte y decirte mas, pero como insenué arriba, quando pienso en mi tierra y en alguno de vos otros, me lleno de melancolia, y asi concliuré mi carta.

“ Manifesta a todos mi carñio, sin olvidar a mi amado *Henrico*, sé. que esta enojado conmigo porque estoy ausente tanto tiempo. Dentro quatro meses espero dar un abrazo a todos. Recelo que estais tu absente: pero nosera por mucho sin verte.

“ Adios, querido Roberto: soy todo a tu,

“ E. FITZGERALD.

“Te escribiera mucho sobre esta pais, pero una carta Espagnol es una obra defecil y muy trabasera para mi.”

## TRANSLATION.

“New Orleans, Dec. 7th, 1789.

“DEAR ROBERT,

“You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me at this place. I send it by the *Cap François*, and expect to embark from hence myself about the end of January, or in the beginning of February next, on board a vessel which is bound directly to London. By the *Courier de l'Europe*, I see that you are now really *Plenipo-Bob*. I congratulate you, and rejoice in the satisfaction I know that gives you. Your last letters which I have received were written in April. In truth they did not bring me the most agreeable news, but I submit with patience to all human vicissitudes.

“Tell our much-loved mother that I am very well, and in good spirits, excepting when those crosses which are frequent with me present themselves to my

thoughts. Tell her that I have applied to the Spanish language, with a view to divert my mind in some way or other from the unnecessary pain of thinking constantly of an object from the sight of whom so great a distance both by sea and land divides me. The least reflection overcomes me, and then I am good for nothing.

“I rejoice to hear of Charlotte’s marriage, and hope she may be returned before I arrive. I could write to you and tell you more; but, as it constantly happens, when I think of my own country and of any one of you, I fill with melancholy, and must therefore conclude my letter. Present my love to all, without forgetting my dear *Henry*, who is angry with me for remaining so long absent. Within four months’ time I hope to embrace you all. I grieve that you should be absent, but it shall not be long before I shall see you likewise.

“Adieu, dear Robert: I am altogether yours,

“E. F.

“I should have written much to you about this country, but a letter in Spanish

is a difficult and laborious undertaking for me."

"New Orleans, Dec. 26th, 1789.

"MY DEAREST BOB,

"I wrote to you a few days ago in Spanish, and sent my letter by the Havannah to Cadiz, from whence it will be forwarded to you by Mr. Duff, our consul there. This goes by Marseilles, and the longer will be a surer method of your hearing. I have not been able to write home from hence, so the first tidings they will get will be from you. I have been occupying myself here learning Spanish, in hopes of getting leave to go to the Havannah or Mexico; but as the governor here could not give leave himself, he wrote to ask it for me and was refused, so that I must keep my Spanish for another opportunity.

"You may guess my impatience to get home. I set off in six weeks in a ship bound for London, so that very likely I may be home before you receive this. I have seen some newspapers which mention you as being at Paris. My last letters were

in May. I bore all the account of G \* \* tolerably well. I must say with Cardenio, ‘*Lo que ha lleantado sus hermosura, han derribada sus obras. Por elli entendi que era angel, y por ellas conozco que era muger. Quede ella en paz, el causado de mi guerra, y haga, el Cielo, que ella no quede arrepentida de lo que ha hecho.*’ But this is enough on this disagreeable subject.

“I am now quite stout, and think of nothing but being a good soldier. To be sure, if it was not for dearest mother, I believe I should not return to England for some time. God, how happy I shall be to see you all! Dearest Robert, I cannot express how I love you all. I know what I say appears odd, but it is impossible to describe the sort of feeling I have.

“I should like to give you an account of my voyage, but it would be too long: it has done me a great deal of good. I have seen human nature under almost all its forms. Every where it is the same, but the wilder it is the more virtuous. These, however, will be fine arguments for us two, when we meet, to talk on. Give my love to all, and do not forget dear M<sup>e</sup>. de \* \*,

who, upon cool consideration, is as charming a creature as is in the world: in short, she is sincere, which is a quality rather rare.

“The man that sends you this has a brother here, who has been all goodness to me: he has begged me to mention his name to you: if ever you can be civil to him, do be so (though I think it will never come in your way). His name is *Segond Fils, négociant à Marseilles*. I dare say he will write you a letter with this.

“Good bye, dearest, dearest Bob.

“Yours,

“E. F.

“I really am afraid to write to mother, I have so much to say.”

On his arrival in London he was, by the merest accident, spared the pain of a scene which could not fail to have been distressing to others as well as himself. Impatient, as may be supposed, to see his mother, who was then residing in London, he hastened instantly to her house, and arrived there just as a large party, among whom were the young bride of the pre-



ceding April and her lord, had seated themselves to dinner. In a second or two, the unexpected visiter would have been among them, had not General Fox, who was one of the guests, and recognised Lord Edward's voice, hastened out to stop him, and thus prevented an encounter which would have been embarrassing to all parties.

In taking leave of this interesting passage of his lordship's short life, it is not without some pain that the reflection suggests itself, how different might have been his doom, both in life and death, had this suit, in which he so sanguinely persevered, been successful; nor can I help adding, that the exemplary domestic virtues, which have, through life, distinguished the noble lady he thus loved, while they exalt our opinion of the man who could, thus early, appreciate such excellence, but deepen tenfold our sympathy with the pain he must have felt in losing her.

In active professional employment would now have been his only safeguard, both against vain regrets for the past, and too sanguine aspirations after the future; and there was a prospect, immediately on his

return to England, of employment, such as he himself could have most wished, being found for him. The threatening armaments of Spain at this moment called for corresponding efforts on the part of Great Britain; and, among other measures of offence, an expedition against Cadiz was contemplated. One of Lord Edward's first visits, on his arrival, was to his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, and the information which it had been in his power to collect, respecting the state of the Spanish colonies in America, was, of course, listened to by the minister with peculiar interest. Finding, also, that his nephew, during the journey he took through Spain, in 1788, had turned his time to account, and, besides those general military observations which his "technical eye" as a soldier enabled him to make, had taken an opportunity, while at Cadiz, of drawing plans of the fortifications of that city, his grace invited him to meet Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas that evening; and these ministers, having themselves questioned the young officer on the same subjects, offered immediately, as I have been informed, to promote him by brevet, and give him the

command of the expedition intended against Cadiz. This Lord Edward readily accepted, and the duke, at parting, told him that he should, on the following day, report what had been agreed upon to the king, and hoped he might also add, that his nephew was no longer in opposition. Free, as he then supposed himself, from the responsibility which a seat in parliament imposed, Lord Edward answered that it was his determination for the future to devote himself exclusively to his profession; and he could therefore, without any difficulty, promise not to appear in opposition to the government.

On seeing his mother, however, the following day, his lordship was, for the first time, informed that, notwithstanding her grace's earnest remonstrances, his brother, the Duke of Leinster, had, before his arrival, returned him for the county of Kildare. Finding his position thus altered, he lost no time in apprizing the Duke of Richmond, who, on learning the new views of the subject which this discovery had occasioned, expressed strong displeasure against his nephew, and accused him of breaking his word with the king; adding, at the

same time, that neither this proffered appointment, nor any other favour from ministers was to be expected by him, if he did not detach himself from the opposition and give his vote to government. This Lord Edward, it is hardly necessary to say, promptly refused, and the two relatives parted, with a degree of anger on the part of the uncle, which is suspected, but, I should think, unjustly, to have had some share in the harsh measure taken subsequently, of dismissing Lord Edward, without even the forms of inquiry, from the army.

Thus disappointed of an employment which would have been so gratifying at once to his ambition and his tastes, he had now no other resources for the diversion of his thoughts than such as his parliamentary duties in Ireland, and the society of a few favourite friends in London afforded him. This want of any absorbing pursuits or interests of his own left him free to extend his sympathies to the concerns of others; and, being neither pledged to a certain set of opinions by virtue of any office, nor under that fear

of change which high station and wealth engender, he could now give way without reserve to his judgment and feelings, and take part *with* the oppressed and *against* the oppressor to the full length that his own natural sense of justice and benevolence dictated.

Left thus open to the influence of all that was passing around him, it may be conceived that the great events now in progress in France could have appealed to few hearts more thoroughly prepared, both by nature and position, to go along with their movement. In the society, too, which he now chiefly cultivated,—that of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and their many distinguished friends,—he found those political principles, to which he now, for the first time, gave any serious attention, recommended at once to his reason and imagination by all the splendid sanctions with which genius, wit, eloquence, and the most refined good-fellowship could invest them. Neither was it to be expected, while thus imbibing the full spirit of the new doctrines, that he would attend much to those constitutional guards and conditions with

which the Whig patriots, at that time, fenced round even their boldest opinions,—partly from a long-transmitted reverence for the forms of the constitution, and partly, also, from a prospective view to their own attainment of power, and to the great inconvenience of being encumbered, on entering into office, by opinions which it might not only be their interest, but their duty, to retract.

From both these wholesome restraints on political ardour, Lord Edward was free ; having derived, it may be supposed, from his Irish education in politics but a small portion of respect for the English constitution, and being by nature too little selfish, even had he any ulterior interests, to let a thought of them stand in the way of the present generous impulse. At a later period, indeed, it is well known that even Mr. Fox himself, impatient at the hopelessness of all his efforts to rid England, by any ordinary means, of a despotism which aristocratic alarm had brought upon her, found himself driven, in his despair of Reform, so near that edge where Revolution begins, that had there existed, at that time, in England any thing like the same prevalent sympathy



with the new doctrines of democracy as responded throughout Ireland, there is no saying how far short of the daring aims of Lord Edward even this great constitutional Whig leader might, in the warmth of his generous zeal, have ventured.

These remarks, however, as regards both Mr. Fox and Lord Edward, apply to a later period, by some years, than that at which we are now arrived,—the French Revolution not having yet fully developed either its might or its mischief, nor diffused that feverish excitement among the middle and lower classes of the community which rendered them objects of alarm and, at last, coercion with the higher. It was not, indeed, till Lord Edward's visits to France in 1792 that he appears to have espoused zealously and decidedly those republican principles upon which, during the short remainder of his life, he acted with but a too fearless consistency. The interval previous to that time he passed chiefly under the same roof with his mother and sisters; and it is for this reason that there remain to us but few letters through which, for these two years, we are able to track the details of his life.

At the beginning of 1791 we find him attending the House of Commons in Dublin, but most heartily weary of the society he was living with, and wishing himself in London, whither all his desires now called him,—not only from the delight he always felt in the converse of his own family, but from certain other less legitimate attractions on which it is not necessary to dwell, but to which his extreme readiness to love, and his power of making himself beloved in return, rendered him constantly liable. Seldom, indeed, has any one possessed, to such an engaging degree, that combination of manly ardour with gentleness which is so winning to most female minds.

“Dublin,” he says, in one of his letters at this time, “has been very lively this last week, and promises as much for the next; but I think it is all the same thing,—*La D \* \**, *La S \* \**, and a few young competitors for their places. I have been a great deal with these two. They want to console me for London; but it won’t do, though I own they are very pleasant. Henry and I have been living at Leinster House quite alone. We generally ride to

Black Rock.—I hate going by the gate. I won't say any thing of it for fear of tempting you, but the passage is in high beauty. I meant to have gone and slept there to-night, but was kept too late at the levy, so must put it off to another time. I have dined by myself, and intended giving up the evening to writing to you, but have had such a pressing invitation from Mrs. \* \* to sup that I cannot refuse. I hope it is to make up a quarrel which she began the other night, because I said I thought she was cold. I find it is the worst thing one can say of a Dublin woman:—you cannot conceive what an affront it is reckoned.”

At the latter end of 1792, that momentous crisis, when France, standing forth on the ruins of her monarchy, proclaimed herself a Republic, and hurled fierce defiance against the thrones of the world,—Lord Edward, unwilling to lose such a spectacle of moral and political excitement, hastened over to Paris, without communicating his intentions even to the duchess, who had, but a short time previously, received from him the following letter:—

“ London, October, 1792.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ I know you will be glad to make out through mistakes, words left out, false spelling, bad English, &c. that I am almost quite well. I have been in town since Saturday. I return to Boyle Farm again to-morrow. I spent a delightful week. Dear Harry, as usual, charming;—he is perfect. I dined with Charles Fox, Saturday, on coming to town;—he was quite right about all the good French news. Is it not delightful? It is really shameful to see how much it has affected all our *aristocrats*. I think one may fairly say the Duke of Brunswick and his Germans are bedeviled. The joke, in the *Argus*, of the *invincible cavalry* of Prussia being totally *eat up* by their infantry is not a bad one.

“ I begin to feel a little for the emigrants, though I am sure they deserve none; but they have so completely ruined their cause that I believe they will lose every thing. *Some*, I am sure, thought they were acting *right* and *honourably*; and these, though one is surprised and angry at their errors, one cannot help pitying. How glad I am

\* \* has remained in France. Poor Antoine, I cannot say how I feel for him, for he certainly thought he was doing right."

From the letter that soon after followed it will be seen that had his lordship been a more backward pupil in the new doctrines of democracy than, unluckily for himself, he proved to be, it would not have been for want of an able and daring preceptor.

" Paris, Tuesday, October 30th.

" 1st Year of the Republic, 1792.

" DEAREST MOTHER,

" I know you will be surprised to hear from me here,—do not be uneasy. This town is as quiet as possible, and for me a most interesting scene. I would not have missed seeing it at this period for any thing. I stopped a day at Boulogne with the dear \* \*, and you may guess how glad I was to see her. I told her not to tell you I was here, as I did not intend to let you know it; but, upon consideration, I think it better you should. I arrived last Friday.

" I lodge with my friend Paine,—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more

I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess. I pass my time very pleasantly, read, walk, and go quietly to the play. I have not been to see any one, nor shall not. I often want you, dearest mother, but I should not have been able to bear Tunbridge for any time. The present scene occupies my thoughts a great deal, and dissipates unpleasant feelings very much.

“ Give my love to Ogilvie and the girls. I think he would be much entertained and interested if he was here. I can compare it to nothing but Rome in its days of conquest:—the energy of the people is beyond belief. There is no news that the Morning Chronicle does not tell you, so I won’t repeat. I go a great deal to the Assembly;—they improve much in speaking.

“ God bless you, dearest mother. Believe me

“ Your affectionate, &c.



“Let me know if I can do any thing for you here. Direct—

*Le citoyen Edouard Fitzgerald,  
Hotel de White, au Passage des Petits,  
près du Palais Royal.”*

From a disposition so ardent and fearless, discretion was the last virtue to be expected; and his friends, therefore, whatever alarm or regret it might cause them, could hardly have felt much surprise when the announcement that follows made its appearance in the papers of Paris and London:

“Paris, Nov. 19th.

“Yesterday the English arrived in Paris assembled at White’s Hotel, to celebrate the triumph of victories gained over their late invaders by the armies of France. Though the festival was intended to be purely British, the meeting was attended by citizens of various countries, by deputies of the Convention, by generals, and other officers of the armies then stationed or visiting Paris,—J. H. Stone in the chair.

“Among the toasts were, ‘The armies

of France : may the example of its citizen soldiers be followed by all enslaved countries, till tyrants and tyranny be extinct.’

“ An address proposed to the National Convention.—Among several toasts proposed by the citizens, Sir R. Smith and Lord E. Fitzgerald, was the following : ‘ May the patriotic airs of the German Legion (Ça Ira, the Carmagnole, Marseillaise March, &c.) soon become the favourite music of every army, and may the soldier and the citizen join in the chorus.’ ”

“ General Dillon proposed ‘ The people of Ireland ; and may government profit by the example of France, and Reform prevent Revolution.’ ”

“ Sir Robert Smith and Lord E. Fitzgerald renounced their titles ; and a toast proposed by the former was drank :—‘ The speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions.’ ”

“ Paris, 1792.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ I got your dear letter yesterday. You were quite right about my joy at the taking of Mons, and the success of the battle of

Jemappe. I was in the house when the news came, and saw Baptiste received: it was an animating scene,—as indeed every thing that passes here now is. You who know the French may conceive it. I am delighted with the manner they feel their success: no foolish boasting or arrogance at it;—but imputing all to the greatness and goodness of their cause, and seeming to rejoice more on account of its effects on Europe in general than for their own individual glory. This, indeed, is the turn every idea here seems to take: all their pamphlets, all their pieces, all their songs, extol their achievements but as the effect of the principle they are contending for, and rejoice at their success as the triumph of humanity. All the defeats of their enemies they impute to their disgust at the cause for which they fight. In the coffee-houses and play-houses, every man calls the other *camarade*, *frère*, and with a stranger immediately begins, ‘ Ah! nous sommes tous frères, tous hommes, nos victoires sont pour vous, pour tout le monde;’ and the same sentiments are always received with peals of applause. In short, all the good

enthusiastic French sentiments seem to come out; while, to all appearance, one would say, they had lost all their bad. The town is quiet, and to judge from the theatres and public walks, very full. The great difference seems in the few carriages, and the dress, which is very plain.

“I am glad Ogilvie warms up a little. I knew he would. I am sure you enjoy the success, for you and I always had a proper liking for the true French character. Dear \* \* is here. I see a great deal of her; she is as pleasant as ever;—that same good heart and delightful manner. How she dotes on you! but what I admire is the manner she bears the change of circumstances,—with a good sense and philosophy beyond description, even as you yourself would do. From her £3000 she has got £1000 a year, and not quite that. She goes in her hackney coach, or walks to her friends and her *soirées, crottée jusqu’au cou*, with the same cheerfulness as ever; and is just the same, with her one servant and maid, and little dinner of soup and bouillie, as when M<sup>e</sup>. la Marquise, with two *grands lacquais*. Indeed, if it were not for her

children, I rather think she likes it better. You would admire her were you to see her, and would understand all her feelings.

“Tell Ogilvie I shall leave this next week, and settle my majority, if I am not scratched out of the army. General Egalité is the son of Orleans. I dine to-day with Madame Sillery. God bless you, dearest mother. I am obliged to leave you. Love to the girls.

“I long to see you, and shall be with you the beginning of the week after next. I cannot be long from you.

“Yours,

“E. F.

“In the midst of my patriotism and projects, you are always the first thing in my heart, and ever must be, my dear, dear mother.”

The simple sentence in this letter, “I dine to-day with Madame de Sillery,” is far more pregnant with events and feelings interesting to the writer than from the short and careless manner in which it is here introduced could be suspected. Madame de Sillery (the celebrated Comtesse

de Genlis) had, but a day or two before the date of this letter, returned from England, where, accompanied by her pupil Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and her adopted daughter Pamela, she had been, for the last twelve or thirteen months, living in retirement. The only interruption to this privacy was during the few weeks passed by her under the roof of Mr. Sheridan, at Isleworth, during which time Lord Edward was, more than once, afforded an opportunity of meeting her, but from a horror of learned ladies,—not peculiar, as it would appear by this instance, to poets,—always declined that honour. Though his imagination, therefore, had been sufficiently prepared by the descriptions which he had heard of the young Pamela, to find much in her that would excite both his interest and admiration, he had never, till the time of his present visit to Paris, seen her.

It could hardly have been more than an evening or two before the date of the above letter, that, being at one of the theatres of Paris, he saw, through a *loge grillée* near him, a face with which he was exceedingly struck, as well from its own peculiar beauty,



as from the strong likeness the features bore to those of a lady, then some months dead, for whom he was known to have entertained a very affectionate regard. On inquiring who the young person was that had thus riveted his attention, he found it was no other than the very Pamela, of whose beauty he had heard so much—the adopted, or (as may now be said, without scruple) actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans. Instantly, all his prepossessions against the learned mother vanished; an acquaintance, from that very night, I believe, commenced between them, and he was seldom after seen absent from the fair Pamela's side.

In some natures, love is a fruit that ripens quickly; and that such was its growth in Lord Edward's warm heart the whole history of his life fully testifies. In the present instance, where there was so much to interest and attract on both sides, a liking felt by either could not fail to become reciprocal. The perfect disinterestedness, too, of the young soldier threw, at once, out of consideration a

difficulty that might have checked more worldly suitors; and, in somewhat less than a month after their meeting at Paris, Mademoiselle Sims (the name by which Madame de Genlis had chosen to designate her daughter) became Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

The marriage took place at Tournay,—Madame de Genlis having consented so far to resume the charge of her illustrious pupil, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as to place her in safety beyond the borders of France\*,—and the following is the lady's own account of the event:—

“ Nous arrivâmes à Tournay dans les premiers jours de Décembre de cette même année, 1792. Trois semaines après j'eus le bonheur de marier ma fille d'adoption, l'angélique Paméla, à Lord Edouard Fitzgérald. Au milieu de tant d'infortunes et d'injustices, le ciel voulut récompenser par cet heureux événement la meilleure action de ma vie, celle d'avoir protégé l'innocence sans appui, d'avoir élevé, adopté l'enfant

\* Almost immediately after, Belgium was incorporated with France.

incomparable que la Providence jettoit dans mes bras, enfin d'avoir développé son esprit, sa raison, et les vertus qui la rendent aujourd'hui le modèle des épouses et des mères de son âge\*.”

M. de Chartres, the present King of France, was one of the witnesses of the ceremony; and as the marriage contract contains names which are, in their several ways, sure to live in history, the reader may not be displeased to see an extract or two from it here :—

“ A tous ceux, &c. &c. sçavoir faisons que pardevant maitre Ferdinand Joseph Dorez, notaire républicain de la residence de Tournay en Flandre, en présence des citoyens Louis Philippe Egalité, et Silvestre Mirys, de présents au dit Tournay, et témoins réquis, sont comparus Edouard Fitzgerald, agé de vingt-neuf ans environ, demeurant ordinairement à Dublin, en Irlande, natif à White Hall, à Londres, fils de James Fitzgerald, Duc de Leinster, et

\* Précis de la conduite de Madame de Genlis depuis la Révolution.

de Dame Amélie Lennox, Duchesse de Leinster, d'une part.

“ Citoïenne Anne Caroline Stephanie Sims, agée de dix-neuf ans environ, demeurante à Paris, connue en France sous le nomme de Paméla, native de Fogo dans l'Isle de Terre-neuve ; fille de Guillaume de Brixey et de Mary Sims, assistées de la citoïenne Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest Brulart Sillery, connue en dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-six sous le nom de Comtesse de Genlis, autorisée par les deux dépositions passées pardevant honorable Guillaume Comte de Mansfield, pair du royaume, et grand justicier d'Angleterre, toutes deux en date du vingt-cinq Janvier, dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-six, d'autre part.”

One of the stipulations is as follows :—

“ Stipulé qu'en cas de séparation les biens, meubles et immeubles, acquis et patrimoniaux aux dits futurs épous, qu'ils posséderont lors de cette séparation, seront partagés entre eux par moitié ; à l'exception néanmoins d'une rente viagère de six mille livres de France annuellement, ap-

partenant à la future épouse, qui n'entrera point dans le partage ; mais au contraire appartiendra en totalité à la dite future épouse, ainsi qu'une autre rente viagère de douze cens livres.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Etoient signés à la minute originale des présentes lettres, Edouard Fitzgerald, Pamela Sims, le Lieutenant-General Jacques Omoran, Stephanie Félicité Ducrest Sillery Brulart, Adèle Eugène Egalité, Hermine Compton, Philippe Egalité, Pulchérie Valence, Henriette Screey, César Ducrest, L. Philippe Egalité, Silvestre Mirys, et C. J. Dorez, notaire.”

In the mean time, while the marriage was thus in progress, the publicity given by the journals of both countries to the details of the English Festival, held lately at Paris, had produced the consequences which Lord Edward himself had, in a great measure, anticipated. Without any further inquiry, and, so far, no doubt, unjustly and oppressively, his lordship, together with two or three other officers, who had offended in the same manner, was dismissed from the

army. To this treatment of his noble relative, Mr. Fox (in speaking on a motion \* of the Secretary of War for the employment of invalids, &c.), thus took occasion to advert :—

“ While upon the subject of military, he deemed it a fit opportunity to take notice of some occurrences which had taken place, but which he could not know the particulars of but from report. He alluded to certain dismissals which had been made in the army, as those of Lord Semple, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and also Captain Gawler. That there might be good grounds for these dismissals was possible, but they were unknown because they were undeclared ; one only ground was suggested by the public voice, namely, their having subscribed to the fund raised for the purpose of enabling the French to carry on the war against their invaders. . . . . One of these officers, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was his near relation, and of him he would say, from his personal knowledge, that the service did not possess a more zealous,

\* December 21st, 1792.



meritorious, or promising member ;—he had served his country in actual service, and bled in its service.”

On the 2d of January, 1793, Lord Edward, with his young bride, arrived in London. He had written to ask his mother’s consent to the marriage ; but whether his impatience had allowed him to wait for her answer appears somewhat doubtful. It is, indeed, most probable that the letter to which the following note alludes was the first notification he received of her prompt, and, as ever, indulgent sanction.

“ Wednesday, 2d January, 1793.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ Thank you a thousand times for your letter ; you never obliged me so much, or made me so happy. I cannot tell you how strongly my little wife feels it : she has sent your letter to M<sup>e</sup>. Silleri, whom I know it would delight. She is to be pitied, for she dotes on Pamela, who returns it most sincerely. What she feels is the only drawback on my happiness. You must love her, —she wants to be loved.

“ We shall dine with you the day after to-morrow. We shall not be able to get from the Custom-house time enough to see you to-morrow. Love to all. Tell Ogilvie how much I am obliged to him. Yours, dearest mother,

“ E. F.”

After remaining about three weeks with the Duchess of Leinster, the new-married couple proceeded to Dublin, where the Session of Parliament had commenced on the 10th of January; and, in an Irish newspaper, dated the 26th of this month, I find their arrival thus announced: “ Yesterday morning, arrived the Princess Royal, Captain Browne, from Parkgate, with the Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his lady and suite, and several other persons of quality.”

In order to convey to my readers any clear idea of the sort of political atmosphere into which Lord Edward,—himself more than sufficiently excited,—now plunged at once on his return to Dublin, it will be necessary to recall briefly to their recollection the history of Irish affairs for the last fourteen

or fifteen years preceding;—and a few dates and facts, requiring but little comment, will bring more vividly, and, as it were, bodily, before their eyes the state of Ireland at this moment, than any description that eloquence, however forcible, could give of it.

In the year 1776, the people of Ireland first learned the dangerous lesson, that to the fears, rather than the justice, of their rulers, they must thenceforward look for either right or favour. In the summer of that year, America proclaimed her independence, and in the course of the autumn the first link was struck from the chain of the Catholic; the law then allowing him to acquire an interest in the soil, which he had hitherto trod but by sufferance, as a serf. Small as was the seed of liberty thus sown, all that Ireland has since gained may be considered as its fruits. In a year or two after, the cause of American independence was espoused openly by the courts of France and Spain. The resources of England were reduced to the lowest ebb, and the fleets of the enemy menaced the British shores. In this predicament, the

town of Belfast, which had been invaded by the French eighteen years before, applied to government for protection, and received the memorable answer, "We have not the means;—you must defend yourselves." Never was an avowal of feebleness on the part of a government, responded to by a more noble or generous manifestation of strength on the part of the people. Instantly an immense army of volunteers sprung up, as if by enchantment, through the country. The sympathies of all,—even of the outcast Catholic,—rallied round the patriotic standard; and could Ireland then have claimed the services of all her sons, she would have exhibited to the eyes of the world, at this magnificent moment, that only true fortress of freedom, an armed people. As it was, in less than a year from their first formation, the volunteer force amounted to 80,000 men: the hour of England's weakness was found to be that of Ireland's strength; and in this attitude, as formidable to her rulers as to the enemy, she demanded and obtained from England a free trade and independent legislature.

Such a spirit, once evoked, was not easily to be laid. Having secured the independence of their parliament, the next task of these armed patriots was to effect its reform; and, accordingly, in the year 1783, a Convention of this body assembled in Dublin, holding their deliberations on Reform, even during the sitting of parliament, and assuming powers and functions co-ordinate with those of the two acting branches of the legislature. How far this military intervention might have ventured to proceed, had it not been guided by a leader so temperate, and, at the same time, so popular as Lord Charlemont, it is impossible to say; but that a collision was on the point of taking place between these armed deliberators and the legislative council of the nation must be evident to every reader of the history of that crisis. It is, indeed, now well known, that there was, at that moment, in full equipment, at Belfast, a train of artillery, with a considerable supply of ammunition, and a large corps of volunteers, ready to march to the aid of the Convention, if necessary.

Formidable, however, as this body appeared in numbers and spirit, it was yet but a very small portion of the Irish nation, and had even precluded itself from the sympathies it might have commanded from the great bulk of the people by rejecting, more than once, a proposition laid before it for the extension of the elective franchise to Catholics. Against such an assembly, therefore, so little backed by the collective sense of the nation, it is not wonderful that the governing party should feel itself sufficiently strong to assume, at once, a high tone of determination and resistance. A motion for Reform, upon a plan previously agreed on in the Convention, having been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Flood,—himself dressed in the volunteer uniform, and surrounded by other members, some of them Delegates, in the same military array,—after a long and stormy debate, maintained, on both sides, with a spirit of defiance which an eye-witness of the scene describes as “almost terrific,” the rejection of the measure was carried by a majority of 159 to 77, and a lesson of national union thus inculcated upon Irishmen, of which,



through the eventful years that followed, they were not slow in profiting.

Already, indeed, had there appeared symptoms of friendly approximation among those sects into which the people of Ireland are even more politically than religiously divided, and from whose disunion all the misery of their common country springs. Among the Protestant voices of the senate, some already had pleaded eloquently for the Catholic. A bishop of the established church\*,—one hardly, however, to be cited as a churchman,—had said, in addressing the volunteers on this now novel subject, “ Tyranny is not government, and allegiance is due only to protection.” The Presbyterians, too, of the north, the last, it might be supposed, this new light could reach, were, on the contrary, the first and promptest to sacrifice all sectarian prejudices on the wide national altar of union and freedom. The volunteers of Belfast had given instructions to their delegates in the Convention to support, as one of the essential ingredients of Reform, the

\* The Bishop of Derry.

free admission of Catholics to all the rights of freemen ; and, among the circumstances indicative of the growing temper of the times, it could not fail to be observed, that the able Catholic divine, O'Leary, on entering the doors of the military Congress, was received with a full salute of rested arms by the volunteers.

Hitherto, however, this new feeling of liberality had been confined, comparatively, but to a few, and even in them, notwithstanding the increased heat of the political temperature of the times, was, as yet, but imperfectly ripened. If civil and religious liberty are, as they have been sometimes described, twins, it is lamentable to observe how much more tardy and stunted is, in most cases, the growth of the latter than of the former. It was not till convinced of their own weakness by the failure of this great effort for Reform, that the attention of the Whigs and other more daring speculators in politics was turned seriously and sincerely to those disqualifying statutes which had robbed their cause of the great momentum of the general mind, and left them a power-

less colony in the midst of a disfranchised nation. From this moment, Catholic Freedom went hand in hand, in all their projects, with Reform; and the same Dissenters who had formed the flower of the civic army in 1782, were now the foremost to seek in a cordial reconciliation of all sects a more extended and national basis for their patriotism.

This growing coalition between the Catholics and the Dissenters, to which the one party brought intelligence and republican spirit, and the other deep-rooted discontent and numerical force, had for its chief cement a feeling, common to both, of impatience under the exactions of the established church; and a demonstration, among many others, of their joint aims against this vulnerable point, occurred in the year 1787, when the celebrated Father O'Leary, already mentioned, found himself seconded by Dr. Campbell, and other presbyterian ministers, in his well-known and amusing controversy with the Bishop of Cloyne.

Still, however, their mutual tie was but slight and distant; nor was it till the

astounding burst of the French revolution had scattered hopes and fears of change through all nations that their alliance began to assume any very decisive or formidable consistency. In the mean time, the government, with that infatuation which attends all governments so situated, had, in proportion as the people took bolder views of the responsibility of the trust committed to their rulers, gone on abusing that trust by such a system of corruption as, for its waste and shamelessness, defies all parallel. As far as openness, indeed, may be thought to take away from the danger or ignominy of such traffic, neither in the buyer or the bought was there any want of this quality in the Irish market; and the well-known threat, or rather lure, held out by Lord Clare\* to a refractory opposition, is worth volumes in portraying the spirit both of his own times and those that preceded them. "Half a million," he said, "or more, had been expended, some years before, to break an Opposition; and the same, or a greater sum, might be necessary now."

\* When Attorney-General.

It was in speaking of that period,—the portion of it, at least, between 1784 and 1790,—that Mr. Grattan made use of the following strong language: “You have no adequate responsibility in Ireland, and politicians laugh at the sword of justice, which falls short of their heads, and only precipitates on their reputation . . . . . and yet in this country we have had victims; the aristocracy has, at different times, been a victim; the whole people of Ireland, for almost an entire century, were a victim; but ministers, in all their criminal succession,—here is a chasm, a blank in your history. Sir, you have in Ireland no axe,—therefore, no good minister.”

The part taken by the Irish parliament on the question of the Regency, in 1789, had consequences, both immediate and remote, of the most signal importance to Ireland. One of the first effects of the new division of parties which then took place was to throw an immense accession of strength into the ranks of the Opposition; and this reinforcement of the popular cause accruing just at the moment when the example of the French Revolution was be-



ginning to agitate all minds, formed such a concurrence of exciting causes, at the beginning of the year 1790, as diffused the ruffle of an approaching storm over the whole face of society. Words, spoken in high places, fall with even more than their due weight on the public ear; and the language of the parliamentary orators at this period lost none of its impression from the millions of echoes that, out of doors, repeated it.

“Do you imagine,” said Mr. Grattan, “that the laws of this country can retain due authority under a system such as yours;—a system which not only poisons the source of the law, but pollutes the seats of judgment?.... The present administration is an enemy to the law: first, because it has broken the law; secondly, because it has attempted to poison the true sources both of legislation and justice; and, however the friends of that administration may talk plausibly on the subject of public tranquillity, they are, in fact, *the ringleaders of sedition placed in authority*. Rank majorities may give a nation law, but rank majorities cannot give law authority.” In



the course of the same session (1790) Mr. O'Neill, while animadverting upon the corrupt influence of government, thus predicted but too truly the catastrophe to which they were hurrying:—"I do say, and I say it prophetically, that the people will resist. The members of this house bear but a small proportion to the people at large. There are gentlemen outside these doors, of as good education and of as much judgment of the relative duties of representation as any man within doors;—and matters are evidently ripening and will come to a crisis."

The immense efficacy of clubs and societies, as instruments of political agitation, had been evinced by the use which the workers of the French Revolution had made of them; and it is a striking proof of the little foresight with which the steps even of the most cautious are sometimes taken, that to no less moderate a Whig than Lord Charlemont did Ireland owe, at this crisis, the first example of that sort of combination for political purposes which became afterwards such a lever in the hands of her millions. At the latter end of 1789

this excellent nobleman had, with the aid of Mr. Grattan, founded a Whig Club in Dublin, and, shortly after, a similar society was, through his lordship's means, instituted at Belfast. To cultivate the old Revolution principles, as distinguished from the democratic theories of the day, was the professed object of these clubs ; but it was soon seen that the new revolutionary school had, in the minds of most of the northern zealots of freedom, superseded the venerable doctrines of 1688. The example set by Lord Charlemont was, in all but its moderation, imitated ; other clubs, keeping pace more boldly with the advancing spirit of the times, succeeded ; and, at length, in the ensuing year, 1791, was formed that deep and comprehensive " Plot of Patriots" (as they themselves described it), the Society of United Irishmen ;—professing, as the aim and principle of their Union, " the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and calling upon all sects and denominations of Irishmen to join them in the one great, common cause of political, religious, and national enfranchisement.

Among the new features which distinguished this club from its predecessors, the prominence now for the first time given to the wrongs of the Catholics, as one of those evils of which the whole nation should call loudly for the redress, was by far the most important. Too long had the old Whig feeling of hatred to Popery succeeded in blinding many of the Protestant advocates of freedom to the true interests of that cause which they but as colonists, not as Irishmen, pleaded. Agreeing to "call it freedom if themselves were free," they took no account of the great mass of living materials, out of which alone the pile of national liberty can be constructed. The Volunteer Convention of 1783, in all their pride of patriotism, were yet unwilling, as we have seen, to connect the question of Catholic freedom with Reform; and, most absurdly, while demanding a wide extension of the right of suffrage, were for leaving the numbers of those who could exercise it as limited as ever. The Whig Club too, though, as individuals, some of their body were warm advocates of the Catholics, yet,

as a society, so far threw damp upon the question as to exclude it from among their subjects of discussion.

By this impolitic backwardness in their cause, the great bulk of the people were, by degrees, alienated from all confidence in the legitimate guardians of their rights,—were left to listen to the call of other and bolder leaders, and to look to that ominous light now kindled in the north as their sole and sure beacon of invitation and hope. To those whose object it was to rally all the nation's energies round a flag of a far deeper green than the pale standard of Whiggism, this distrust of their parliamentary friends by the people was by no means unwelcome; nor, as far as courtesy to the individuals in question would permit, did they fail to encourage it. “Trust,” said they, in one of their Addresses\*, “as little to your friends as to your enemies, in a matter where you can act only by yourselves. The will of

\* Address of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin to the Irish Nation.

the nation must be declared before any Reform can take place\*.”

Anticipating, too (as they well might, under any government less infatuated) the probability of their being, before long, deprived of their hold upon the Catholics by a seasonable and liberal concession of their claims, they took care not to fall into the error which has been, in our own times, committed, of representing this concession, however important, as the “*one* thing needful,” but thus, in another of their Addresses, guarded themselves against any such misconception or limitation of their views:—“ In the sincerity of our souls do we desire Catholic Emancipation; but, were it obtained to-morrow, to-morrow

\* In this sentence they seem to refer to Paine’s notions on the subject of Reform:—“ A government on the principles upon which constitutional governments, arising out of society, are established, cannot have the right of altering itself. . . . . The bill which Mr. Pitt brought into Parliament some years ago, to *reform* Parliament, was on this erroneous principle. The right of Reform is in the nation in its original character, and the constitutional method would be by a General Convention elected for the purpose.”



should we go on as we do to-day, in the pursuit of that Reform which would still be wanting to ratify their liberties as well as our own."

With all this, however, it was still but by very slow degrees that the better order of Catholics lent themselves to the exciting call of their fellow-countrymen. Not, assuredly, from any tendency that there is in their faith, more than in most others, to weaken or counteract the spirit of liberty,—an assumption which the events of our own time must have sufficiently set to rest,—but from the timidity and want of self-confidence engendered by a long course of slavery, and the hope still kept alive in their hearts of some boon from the free grace of government, they were at first, naturally, fearful of putting to hazard whatever advantages their present position might possess for the precarious and stormy chances of an alliance which seemed to offer no medium between success and ruin.

To this cautious line of policy the influence of some of their peers and chief gentry, who had hitherto taken the leading part in their deliberations, had been suc-



cessful in restraining them ; but the same impatience under aristocratic rule which was now pervading all Europe could not but find its way at length into the councils of the Catholics. So late as the year 1791, these hereditary conductors of their cause had taken upon themselves, in the name of the whole body, to present an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, condemnatory of the spirit and tendency of the popular associations of the day, and leaving, with implicit loyalty, to the discretion of government the measure of justice it might think proper to accord to their claims.

This offensive mixture, in their aristocratic leaders, of dictation to the people and servility to the Court was at once felt to have incapacitated them from being any longer the organs of a body rising into the proud attitude of assertors of their own rights. The proceedings of this small knot of lords and gentlemen were accordingly protested against by those whom they pretended to represent ; and a separation having in consequence taken place between them and the great mass of the Catholics, the conduct of the cause devolved from thence-

forth into the hands of commercial men of intelligence and spirit, whose position in society gave them an insight into the growing demands of the country, and placed their minds, as it were, in contact with those popular influences and sympathies from which the proud seclusion in which they lived had insulated the former managers of their cause.

From this moment the political views of the Catholic Committee and the United Irish Societies began manifestly to converge towards the same formidable object—a general and nationalized league against English power. Even the feud which had for some time raged in the North between the lower classes of Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, and which has bequeathed, in the transmitted spirit of its Peep-o'-day boys, the curse of Orangeism to Ireland, could not prevent a great majority of the better order of both sects from drawing cordially towards a union, by which alone, they saw, their common objects could be effected. The appointment, indeed, of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the first society of United Irishmen, to be Se-

cretary of the Catholic Committee, gave sufficiently intelligible warning that the time was at hand when the same spirit would be found to actuate both these bodies.

To the confluence of troubled waters which I have been here describing, the example and progress of the French Revolution were giving, every day, a more revolutionary colour and course. In the year 1790-1, the Irish Volunteers had transmitted an Address to the National Assembly of France, and received from them a long and fraternizing answer in return. On the 14th of July, 1792, the town of Belfast, now foremost in the race of democracy, had celebrated by a grand Procession and Festival the anniversary of the French Revolution; and among the devices and inscriptions displayed on the occasion, one or two will sufficiently give a notion of the republican spirit that pervaded the whole ceremony. On a group of emblematic figures was inscribed, "Our Gallic brethren were born July 14, 1789:—alas! we are still in embryo." On the reverse, "Superstitious jealousy, the cause of the Irish Bastille: let us unite and destroy it."

To this meeting the Catholic Committee of Dublin sent down a deputation, and a dinner given to those deputies, a day or two after the Festival, is thus described by Tone: "Chequered, at the head of the table, sat Dissenter and Catholic. The four flags, America, France, Poland, Ireland, but *no England*."

It is not wonderful that, by such manifestations of public feeling, even the government of that day, hardened as it was to all better appeals, should, at length, find itself alarmed into some show of justice. The justice, however, that is wrung from fear, but adds contempt to the former sense of wrong; and the whole history of the concessions doled out to the Catholics, in this and the ensuing year, but exhibits, in its fullest perfection, that perverse art, in which Irish rulers have shown themselves such adepts, of throwing a blight over favours by the motive and manner of conferring them, —an art, which unhappily has had the effect of rendering barren, thankless, and unblest, some of the fairest boons bestowed by England upon Ireland. At the beginning of this year (1792), a Bill, brought forward

avowedly under the sanction of government, gave to the Irish Catholics the right of admission to the bar, and repealed one or two of the most odious of the penal statutes. But, almost at the same time, a respectful petition from that body, praying for “the restoration to them of some share in the elective franchise,” was, with a degree of bitterness and indignity which seemed as it were a relief after their late effort of liberality, spurned away from the table of the House of Commons ;—thus not only poisoning the scanty measure of relief just afforded, but teaching the Catholic how to estimate the sudden access of generosity by which the very same parliament was actuated towards him in the following year, when, in a moment of panic, they of themselves hurried forward to invest him with even more extensive rights than those which the petition, now so insultingly thrown out, solicited.

In the course of the session of 1792, two fearful predictions were uttered, of one of which the accomplishment followed but too speedily. In exposing the gross corruption of the government, Mr. Ponsonby



said strongly, that “an hour would come when the country would endure any extremity rather than submit to the system of influence that had been established;” and Mr. Grattan, in the debate on the Catholic Bill, alluding to the prospect of a Union, which was then, for the second or third time in the course of the century, threatened, pronounced it a measure that “would be fatal to England, beginning with a false compromise which they might call a Union, to end in eternal separation, through the process of two civil wars.”

The immediate effect of the haughty repulse which the Catholics suffered this session was to impress upon themselves and their Protestant advisers the necessity of acting with redoubled vigour in future, and of devising some plan by which the collective sense of the whole Catholic population might be brought to bear, peacefully and legally, but, at the same time, with all the weight implied in such formidable unanimity, upon the government. This they were enabled to effect towards the close of 1792, by a system of delegation, embracing all the counties and many of the



great towns and districts of Ireland. Writs were issued to the electoral bodies, who had been, in each place, chosen to name the delegates, and in the month of December, a Convention, representing the entire Catholic population, commenced its sittings with all the forms of a Legislative Assembly, in Dublin.

Authoritative and commanding, in itself, as speaking the voice of at least three-fourths of the nation, this body was also backed by a considerable proportion of the Protestant talent and spirit of the country, in and out of parliament, as well as by the daily increasing confederacy of the Presbyterian republicans of the North. While the late Catholic Bill had been before the House, a petition was sent up, signed by numbers of the most respectable persons in Belfast, praying that the Legislature would repeal all penal laws against the Catholics, and place them on the same footing with their Protestant fellow-subjects.

Among other symptoms of the rapid progress now making towards that national union from which alone English supremacy has any danger to fear, it is men-

tioned that the Volunteers of Dublin, on the recent celebration of the 4th of November, had refused to parade, as usual, round the statue of King William, and that, while all of them had discarded their orange ribbons, some had even appeared, on that day, in cockades of the national green. But the event, among these minor indications of public feeling, in which the government must have seen most formidably shadowed out the forthcoming results of their own obstinate misrule was the enthusiastic reception given, at Belfast\*, to the five Catholic Delegates, whom the General Committee had deputed to lay their Petition before the King. "On their departure," say the accounts of the day, "the assembled populace took the horses from their carriage, and drew them quite through the town over the long bridge on the road to Donaghadee, amidst the loudest huzzas and cries of 'Success attend you,' 'Union,' 'Equal laws,' and 'Down with the Ascendancy.'"

Such,—as briefly brought before the eyes

\* December, 1792.

of my readers as the subject would allow,— was the state of ominous excitement to which a long train of causes, foreign and domestic, all tending towards the same inevitable crisis, had concurred in winding up the public mind in Ireland, at the time when Lord Edward arrived to fix his residence in that country. He found the Parliament already assembled, and had not more than a day or two taken his seat, when, in the course of a Debate on an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, he, by one of those short bursts of feeling which have a far better chance of living in history than the most elaborate harangue, showed how unrestrainedly all his sympathies had, even at this time, committed themselves with the great national struggle in which his countrymen were engaged.

In order to understand clearly the occasion on which this manifestation of his feelings was called forth, a brief reference to some anterior circumstances, marked strongly with the character of the times, may not be superfluous.

Among the many plans devised by the United Irishmen, for banding and organiz-

ing the people, a revival, or rather extension, of the old volunteer system had been resorted to with success by the patriots of the North, and was now about to be tried, on even a more daring scale, in Dublin. An armed association, calling themselves the "First National Battalion," and bearing, for their device, an Irish harp, without a crown, surmounted by a cap of Liberty, had, in the month of December, 1792, sent forth summonses for the meeting of their corps: but a Proclamation, issued by Government on the day preceding their meeting, put a stop to the design.

Notwithstanding this, however, an assembly of Delegates from the Old Volunteer corps of Dublin announced their intention, shortly after, of holding a meeting to celebrate the late retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, and the French victory in Brabant. To confound these old established corps of Volunteers with the new military associations emanating from the system of the United Irishmen was the obvious policy of a government interested in suppressing all such combinations. In order to render, however, the proclamation issued against

the National Guard available for the dispersion of more innocent assemblages, it was thought necessary, as a matter of form, to apply for the sanction of Parliament; and a motion was accordingly made, on the 31st of January, for an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, approving of the Proclamation, and pledging the House to support cordially such measures as might be necessary to bring it into full effect.

It was on this occasion that Lord Edward Fitzgerald gave vent to his feelings in those few bold words, to which I have already adverted, and which have been recorded with such fidelity by all historians of the Irish Parliament. At the very end of the discussion, after several of the chief members of opposition, and, among others, Mr. Grattan himself, had declared their approval of the Proclamation, and condemned strongly the republican language of some of the summonses and resolutions of the volunteers, Lord Edward, as if unable any longer to contain himself, started up, and with great energy of manner, said—"Sir, I give my most hearty disapprobation to this address, for I do think that the Lord



Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the King has."

Loud cries of "to the Bar" and "take down his words" resounded instantly from all sides. The House was cleared in a moment, and nearly three hours elapsed before strangers were re-admitted. During this interval attempts were in vain made to induce the refractory member to apologize. All that either persuasion or the threatened rigour of the House could draw from him was a few equivocal words, in which, with some humour (if the report I have heard of them be true), he re-asserted his former obnoxious opinion, saying, "I am accused of having declared that I think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House the worst subjects the King has:—I said so, 'tis true, and I'm sorry for it." If such really were the terms of his lordship's explanation, it can but little surprise us that the House should have come to a unanimous resolution, "that the excuse offered by the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for the said words so spoken, is unsatisfactory and insufficient."



This resolution was followed by an order, passed also unanimously, “ that Lord Edward Fitzgerald do attend at the bar of this House to-morrow.” On the following day he appeared accordingly in custody, at the bar, and, being again called upon by the Speaker, offered a few words of explanation, of which no report has been preserved, but which could hardly have been of a very penitential nature, as on the question being put whether the House should receive the excuse, there appeared a minority of no less than 55 against accepting it.

In about a week after this occurrence, we find him again standing forth, almost singly, against government, and raising his voice in reprobation of that system of coercion which the new aspect of affairs abroad was now emboldening them to adopt. At the first opening of the session, a more liberal spirit had seemed to pervade their councils. The prospect of an immediate war with France, still more formidable from the prevalence of her principles than of her arms,—the alliance rapidly cementing between the Dissenters

and Catholics, both victims of the Church Establishment, and the latter, outcasts of the State,—the commanding attitude assumed by the delegates of so many millions, in Convention,—all these considerations had, at the commencement of this session of 1793, produced suddenly, on the part of the government, a disposition towards conciliation and justice, which, while it took all their parliamentary adherents completely by surprise, was yet seconded by these ever ready instruments with a degree of docility that brought discredit alike on authority and its supporters, and rendered them hardly more respectable in the right than in the wrong.

What had occurred too, during the summer, rendered this sudden conversion of the ruling party still more startling. The haughty rejection of the Catholic prayer in the preceding session had been regarded by all the enemies of religious freedom as a signal for the indulgence at once of their loyal and intolerant zeal. In the course of the summer months, the most violent declarations had been issued by most of the Grand Juries and Corpo-

rations, denouncing fiercely, not only the religious, but the moral and political tenets of the Catholics, and proffering prodigally the aid of their own lives and fortunes in excluding them from all further power. At more than one of these inflammatory meetings persons high in official trust assisted; and the greater number of them, it was supposed, had received sanction and impulse from the ruling powers.

Almost in the very face of this movement, with that blind recklessness of character by which such a government forfeits the confidence of its friends, without, in the least degree, conciliating the good-will of its opponents, the present session opened with a recommendation to parliament to take into its "wise and liberal" consideration the condition of his majesty's Catholic subjects. The measure of grace was, in this instance, represented as originating in the bounty of the Crown; and a deputation from that lately execrated body, the Catholic Convention, was now seen, day after day, amicably closeted with the minister, negotiating for their admission to power on a far wider basis than that from which, but

a few months before, the same minister had so contemptuously dislodged them.

While thus, on one of the two great questions that agitated the country, some symptoms of a more just and liberal policy were manifested, on the other no less vital subject, Parliamentary Reform, an admission had been, for the first time, made, on the part of the ruling powers, of the principle and practicability of such a measure, by their consenting to the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the state of the representation\*.

This prospect of a change of policy, and in the unexpected direction of tolerance and reform, was hailed by all friends of their country with a degree of satisfaction and hope which unfortunately was allowed but a short period of indulgence. The star of French freedom had, about this time,

\* "Whence does all this benignity flow?" said Lord Charlemont, in a letter to Mr. Hardy;—"I doubt much whether Monsieur Dumourier ever heard of a Parliamentary Reform, and yet I am almost tempted to suspect him of having some share in what is now going forward."

begun to darken, and, as it was thought, decline in its course. The execution of the King, the daily increasing excesses of the Jacobins, and the state of moral as well as political disorganization into which all France seemed sinking, had begun to bring odium upon the theories of the youthful Republic, while her present reverses in Flanders were dissolving fast the spell of her arms; and the effect of both these causes combined, at the period of which we are speaking, was to produce a re-action in favour of ancient institutions throughout Europe, of which Legitimate Power, tottering as he had been from his base, in all quarters, was now hastening to take advantage, for the recovery of his balance.

In Ireland, where but little encouragement was ever wanting to induce its rulers to persevere in, or return to, old abuses, the effects of this brightening up of the cause of Thrones were instantly perceptible. Though it was now too late to retract the promised boon to the Catholics, the favour could be, at least, they knew, “shorn of



its beams ;” and, instead of considering any longer how much might be accorded with graciousness, the minister now only calculated how much could be withheld with safety. The glimpse of Reform, too, that had been so reluctantly held forth was withdrawn, and a course of coercive and inquisitorial measures forthwith entered upon, which, like all such legislation, gendered of injustice and fear, but provoked those very evils of which they professed to be the cure.

To the severe acts passed this session, the forerunners, as it was found, of others still severer, the opposition party in parliament afforded, it must be owned, too ready a sanction ;—partly, at first, from complaisance to a government which they thought inclined to do right, and partly, afterwards, from fear of a people whom they saw goaded into doing wrong. Even Mr. Grattan himself but faintly, if at all, opposed a measure\* which, a few years after, in a Petition from the Whig Club, attributed to his pen, he thus strongly charac-

\* The Gunpowder Bill.



terized. "They then proceeded," he says, speaking of the government of this period, "to a system of coercion to support their corruption, and to dragoon the people, as they had bought the parliament. They began that system by an act which tended, in a qualified manner, to disarm his majesty's subjects, under certain regulations, named a Gunpowder Bill, and which had principally in view to put down the Irish Volunteers; and, to check the discontent which grew from this measure, further measures of violence, and new causes of discontent, were resorted to."

It was on the discussion of the act here specified, the Gunpowder Bill, that Lord Edward, as I have already intimated, stood forth, almost alone, against the government, condemning, particularly, the clause imposing penalties on the removal of arms from one place to another, and pronouncing the whole bill to be, from beginning to end, a penal law.

The Convention Bill, another of the coercive acts of this session, the sole effect of which was, by producing still deeper

discontent, to render measures of still more searching severity necessary, was, it is true, combated, with his usual vigour, by Mr. Grattan, in every stage\*. But he found but feeble support from the remainder of his party. Only three lords, the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Charlemont, and the Earl of Arran, voted against the bill in the House of Peers, while Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Grattan formed part of a minority of but 27 to 128, that recorded their reprobation of it in the House of Commons.

I shall now give some letters written by his lordship in the course of this and the succeeding year.

“ April, 1793.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ I have been very idle, and so has my dear little wife ; but I hope you will forgive us,—she is afraid you are angry with her. The truth is, the sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we get on so

\* “ This bill, sir,” said that great man, “ I pronounce to be the boldest step that was ever yet made towards introducing a military government.”

agreeably, and chatter so much in the morning, that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay,—a great number of balls, of which the lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her: I wish you could see her dance, you would delight in it, she dances so with all her heart and soul. Every body seems to like her, and behave civilly and kindly to her. There was a kind of something about visiting with Lady Leitrim, but it is all over now. We dined there on Sunday, and she was quite pleasant, and Pamela likes her very much.

“We have not been able yet to go to Castletown to stay, but intend going there next week. I had one very pleasant day with dear aunt Louisa, and had a long talk about you, which was not the least pleasant part of it. We have been four or five times to Frescati; but the weather has been too cold to enjoy it well: you know what a difference that makes in every thing with me. Pray tell Ogilvie I have deferred speaking to Byrne till the spring was a little more advanced, to show it in beauty to him. If the weather comes mild I shall go and stay

there, for I long for a little country and a little fine weather.

“ There is nothing going on in the House, and I believe *our Reform* will not take us long, so that I suppose Dublin will soon be empty. I find by your letter that people are as violent about politics in London as they are here, which is pretty well. My differing so very much in opinion with the people that one is unavoidably obliged to live with here, does not add much, you may guess, to the agreeableness of Dublin society. But I have followed my dear mother’s advice, and do not talk much on the subject, and when I do, am very cool. It certainly is the best way ; but all my prudence does not hinder all sorts of stories being made about both my wife and me, some of which, I am afraid, have frightened you, dearest mother. It is rather hard that when, with a wish to avoid disputing, one sees and talks only to a few people, of one’s own way of thinking, we are, at once, all set down as a nest of traitors. From what you know of me, you may guess all this has not much changed my opinions ; but I keep

very quiet, do not go out much, except to see my wife dance, and,—in short, keep my breath to cool my porridge.

“Your affectionate son,

“E. F.”

“Frescati, April 27th, 1793.

“Ogilvie will have glorious weather for his journey; I shall be delighted to see him; he does quite right to come: I believe Lord W \* \* only waits to see him to settle about Frescati. Mrs. S \* \*, whom I saw yesterday, told me he was now determined on taking it. He has been shilli-shally about it lately, but is now fixed; this makes me, at last, look about me. I have heard of a place in the county of Wicklow which I think will do for me; a Mr. Magennis had it, and the description he gives of it is delightful:—in a beautiful country between Wicklow and Arklow, a small house with forty acres of land, some trees upon it near the sea-side, evergreens the most beautiful growing among the rocks, the rent £90 a year. We are going to see that and some other places that are to be set to-morrow.

We go to Newbridge, twenty-six miles from this, and mean to stay three days there to look about us.

“ I have heard a beautiful description of that part of the county of Wicklow, and every thing sets cheaper than about the parts we know. I think I shall like any thing in the county of Wicklow better than Leinster Lodge or Kildare, the country is so much more beautiful; and when one is to settle, why not choose a pretty spot and pretty country? I think it is worth while paying a little more rent, and, if necessary, curtailing in other things, as in servants or houses. I own also I like *not* to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, ‘ the county of Kildare member,’ &c. &c.—to be bored with ‘ this one is your brother’s friend,’ —‘ that man voted against him,’ &c. In short, by what I hear of this place, I shall be very quiet,—not a gentleman nearer me than six miles, except a young Mr. Tighe, whom I like.

“ I am a little ashamed when I reason and say to myself ‘ Leinster Lodge would be the most profitable. Ninety persons of one hundred would choose it, and be



delighted to get it.' It is, to be sure, in a good country; plentiful, affords every thing a person wants, but it has not mountains and rocks, and *I do* like mountains and rocks, and pretty views, and pretty hedges, and pretty cabins,—ay, and a pleasanter people. In short, I shall certainly, I think, fix on the Wicklow place;—that is, if I like it. If not, I shall take some place that is to be let for the summer, or by the month, to go to from here.

“Poor Frescati! I shall be sorry to leave it. I look at all the trees and places with regret. I hope, however, to see every thing blossom before I go; for two or three days more will bring all the lilacs completely. My dear little wife is very well—goes on delightfully. I never saw her look so well: she grows both broad and long. Indeed, she has quite taken a fit of growing.”

“Frescati, May 6th, 1793.

“DEAREST MOTHER,

“Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little

book-room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered ; and, with the passage door open, the room smells like a green-house. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower-pots, and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother ; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati gives me,—with your last dear letter to my wife before me :—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. Yes, dearest mother, I am delighted at the Malvern party, and am determined to meet you there, or wherever you are. I dote on being with you anywhere, but particularly in the country, as I think we always enjoy one another's company there more than in town. I long for a little walk with you, leaning on me,—or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet,

and looking down, talking all the time. I won't go on in this way, for I should want to set out directly, and that cannot be, so I shall give you some account of what we have been doing. We were here a fortnight with the Henries, and were very pleasant: we——

“ May 8th.—My dearest, I was stopped in my letter by my dear wife being taken very ill; she is now much better, and is going on as well as possible. She has not kept her bed, by the doctor's advice, but lies on the couch in the book-room. I was frightened a good deal the first day at her great weakness, but she is much stronger to-day, and I feel quite comfortable about her. Emily says she will write to you, and tell you every thing about her better than me. We have luckily had two of the finest days that ever were, so we have all the windows open. Not to be far from her, I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have had the little green full mowed and rolled; the little mound of earth that is round the bays and myrtle before the house, I have planted with tufts of gentianellas and primroses,

and lily of the valley, and they look beautiful, peeping out of the dark evergreen : close to the root of the great elm I have put a patch of lily of the valley. I have got the beds well dressed, and the whole thing looks beautiful, and I mean to keep it as neat as possible while here : in short, dearest mother, at this moment I only want you here, and little wife well ; for, in the midst of the feelings of the fine weather, I want her to enjoy them with me.

“ Pray, when shall you be at Malvern ? I shall wish to give her a month or three weeks’ sea-bathing ;—so I expect to be ready to meet you in the beginning or middle of June. Emily, who is here, says the Henries set out on Sunday : we shall miss them terribly. Lady H. has been kinder than I can say about my wife,—every thing I could wish,—and that is saying a great deal.

“ Give my love to all the dear girls and Ogilvie ; tell them I long to see them. I hope dear Ciss is quite well, and takes good long rides. I know she dotes on a fine spring ride. I was in hopes Pamela would have been able to ride with her, when we met ;

but I am afraid we must give that up. Tell her we got the bracelets, and thank her very much. Pamela is as bad about writing as me,—but I will make one excuse,—she has, of late, had no time, for I kept her out all day, and took up her time to dissipate her, and prevent her thinking on, and vexing herself about, all these French affairs, which have distressed her very much. Good bye, dearest mother, I have said all my say,—so bless you a thousand times. The dear little, pale, pretty wife sends her love to you.

“ Your

“ EDWARD.”

“ Frescati, June 11, 1793.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,

“ We returned here yesterday from Castletown, where we had been a week. We had promised to go there a long time, but could not prevail on ourselves to leave this sweet place, where we are so comfortable. However, we at last took a good resolution, and when once there, passed a very pleasant week; but were delighted to return here yesterday evening, and



enjoy this place, which is now in perfection. All the shrubs are out, lilac, laburnum, syringa, spring roses, and lily of the valley in quantities, four pots full now in the book-room,—in short, the whole thing is heavenly. I believe there never was a person who understood planting and making a place as you do. The more one sees Carton and this place, the more one admires them; the mixture of plants and the succession of them are so well arranged. We went to the cottage from Castletown; it is in high beauty, in spite of neglect and contrivance to spoil it. The Leinsters are all in the country settled, and intend to enjoy it, they say. We shall pay them a visit after my wife has had a fortnight's bathing.

“Our Parliament did business yesterday. What is to be done was partly told us,—a new arrangement of the revenues, a pension bill, and a place bill,—but the sums not mentioned. I am afraid we shall have only *form*, not *substance*; no saving of expense, no abolition of places, and a great increase of taxes. Ogilvie will explain it all to you, if you wish to know it. What



is to be done, though, will, I believe, take a good deal of time. I do not think we shall be up these six weeks, which I am vexed at, as it will delay us seeing you, dear, dear mother;—but we shall enjoy Frescati. I wish Ogilvie was here now, and in parliament; he would be of use. I think we shall be bamboozled or deceived in this arrangement. I do not think our people understand well what they are about. Tell Ogilvie how much I thank him for subscribing for me to Charles Fox's business; I will pay him the half of it this June."

"Dublin, Saturday,  
27th December, 1793.

"We arrived here last night\*, after a good passage of thirty-nine hours, all well, and not much tired. We intend to go to Carton to-morrow, stay a day there, and go from thence to Castletown. Our journey was pleasant enough, the weather favourable. We eat your pie on board ship,—it was excellent. I am not yet accustomed to be

\* His lordship and Lady Edward had been passing some time with the Duchess of Leinster at Malvern.

away from you, and think of dear Malvern with great regret, —so cheerful and so pleasant. After I got into the carriage, I recollected I had not bid Ogilvie good bye. I hope he saw that it was from my hurry to get the parting over, and not from being careless about leaving him; for really I was very sorry, and must have been very ungrateful if I had not, for he was as pleasant and kind as possible to me and my wife the whole time; but I was vexed with myself that my hurry should have given me an appearance of neglect, where my heart spoke directly contrary. God bless you, dear, dear mother, and believe me,

“Your affectionate, &c.”

“Dublin, Jan. 23, 1794.

“I beg pardon for putting off answering your two dear letters so long, but the hurry of Castletown (what with balls, and hunting, and sitting after dinner), took up all one’s time. We left Castletown last Monday, to make our Carton visit, where we stay till next week, and then go to Frescati, the quiet of which I long for. I

assure you I often regret our dear quiet Malvern, and no party will ever be so pleasant to me. My dear little wife has, upon the whole, been cheerful and amused, which of course pleases me. I never have received an answer from her mother, so that Pamela is still ignorant of what has happened.

“ Politics do not go on well, I think. The leaders of Opposition are all afraid of the people, and distrusted by them of course. Leinster really is the only man who seems fair and honest, and not frightened; but as he sees himself not supported by the rest of the party, and does not approve of their ways of thinking, he means to keep quiet, and entirely out of the business. Conolly is the same as usual,—both ways; but determined not to support government. His militia has frightened him: he swears they are all republicans, as well as every man in the North. He concludes all his speeches by cursing presbyterians: he means well and honestly, dear fellow, but his line of proceeding is wrong. Grattan I can make nothing of. His speech last night on the Address was

very bad, and the worst doctrine ever laid down\*, viz. that this country is bound, right or wrong, without inquiry, to support England in any war she may undertake. There was no division on the Address, but I believe there will be something done to-night. If there is not, I shall not go to Parliament again during the session. It is in vain to look to that quarter for any thing; and if the people don't help themselves, why, they must suffer. There is not a person that doesn't abuse this war, yet no man will take measures to stop it. It will stop itself at last, but I am afraid with very bad consequences.

“ I won't bore you any more about our politics: you may see I am not in great good-humour about them. If we do any thing to-night to support Charles Fox and his friends against the war, I shall be in better humour. I own altogether I am greatly provoked at them all, when I see every man acting in the very manner calculated to bring on those ills they say

\* In his war politics Mr. Grattan was at least consistent, the last great speech he ever made having been in favour of the war with France in 1815.

they are so afraid of;—but no more on this subject.

“ I don’t know whether aunt Louisa wrote you word that Conolly wants to give me his lodge at Kildare, all furnished and ready. However, I don’t think I shall take it: indeed I am determined *not*;—it is *too much* to accept as a present; but I have some thoughts of borrowing it for next summer, trying if I like it, and if it will suit me, I will then take it off his hands, and pay him what it is worth. I understand it is worth about £300 as it stands, furniture and all. The situation certainly is advantageous for me:—six miles from Kilrush, across the Curragh; not too large, and the country round pleasant. If I want a farm I can have one on my own estate: if I don’t choose to undertake a farm, and wish to leave the country for any time, the place is so small it can be taken care of by one person, at little expense. I think I may try it for some time.

“ I own that, though I feel so much inclination to settle quietly and turn farmer, I dread any thing that would oblige me to stay long from my dearest mother,

which a great farm might do,—unless I had somebody whom I could depend on to look after it while I am away. If one pays attention to it, I understand by all I hear, that a grass farm is certainly a profitable thing. Now I think by taking Connolly's place for a year or so, and my farm on my own estate, which only pays me £14 a year, I may try my hand safely, and not risk much when I leave it; and perhaps, in the course of carrying it on, find somebody I could trust to manage my business while away. I am constantly turning all this over and over in my head, and have time to consider, as Leinster Lodge cannot be had till November, and I shall in the meantime enjoy dear Frescati. I shall take a turn from there in April, and show my wife the two places. She at present inclines to the small house, as I do myself. I do like a small place so much better than a large one."

" Frescati, Feb. 6th, 1794.

" I have got an under-gardener (myself) to prepare some spots for flowers, and to help Tim. I have been hard at work to-day and part of yesterday (by the by, weather so



hot, I go without coat, and the birds singing like spring), cleaning the little corner to the right of the house, digging round roots of trees, raking ground, and planting thirteen two-year old laurels and Portugal laurels. I have also trimmed the rose trees. The flowers and shrubs had all got out of the little green paling ;—I am now putting them inside, and mean only to have a border of primroses and polyanthus outside, if I have any. I mean from thence to go to the rosery, and then to the little new planted corner. I am to have hyacinths, jonquils, pinks, cloves, narcissuses, &c. in little beds before the house, and in the rosery. Some parts of the long round require a great deal of pruning, and trees to be cut ; if you trust me, I think I could do it prudently, and have the wood laid by. There are numbers of trees quite spoiling one another.

“ God bless you, dear mother, I am now going to make my gardener work, for he does nothing if I am not with him. Pamela sends you her love ; hers and mine to all the rest. Bless you all : this is too fine a day to stay longer writing. I wish to God you were here. If you want

any thing done, tell me; if you like what I am doing, tell me; if you like the part of the house we have taken, tell me."

"Frescati, Feb. 19th, 1794.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I live here constantly. Pam has not been in town since we came. She goes to the manufacturer's ball on Friday. She is quite well, eats, drinks, and sleeps well; she works a great deal, and I read to her. I have left off gardening, for I hated that all my troubles should go for that vile Lord W \* \*, and my flowers to be for aides-de-camp, chaplains, and all such followers of a lord-lieutenant \*."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Kildare, June 23d, 1794.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I write to you in the middle of settling and arranging my little family here†. But the day is fine,—the spot looks pretty,

\* The nobleman here alluded to had, at this time, some idea of taking Frescati.

† Mr. Conolly's Lodge in the town of Kildare, to which his lordship had now removed.

quiet, and comfortable ;—I feel pleasant, contented, and happy, and all these feelings and sights never come across me without bringing dearest, dearest mother to my heart's recollection. I am sure you understand these feelings, dear mother. How you would like this little spot! it is the smallest thing imaginable, and to numbers would have no beauty; but there is a comfort and moderation in it that delights me. I don't know how I can describe it to you, but I will try.

“ After going up a little lane, and in at a close gate, you come on a little white house, with a small gravel court before it. You see but three small windows, the court surrounded by large old elms; one side of the house covered with shrubs, on the other side a tolerable large ash; upon the stairs going up to the house, two wicker cages, in which there are at this moment two thrushes, singing *à gorge déployée*. In coming into the house, you find a small passage-hall, very clean, the floor tiled; upon your left, a small room; on the right, the staircase. In front, you come into the parlour, a good room, with a bay window

looking into the garden, which is a small green plot, surrounded by good trees, and in it three of the finest thorns I ever saw, and all the trees so placed that you may shade yourself from the sun all hours of the day; the bay window, covered with honeysuckle, and up to the window some roses.

“Going up stairs you find another bay-room, the honeysuckle almost up to it, and a little room the same size as that below; this, with a kitchen or servants’ hall below, is the whole house. There is, on the left, in the court-yard, another building which makes a kitchen; it is covered by trees, so as to look pretty; at the back of it, there is a yard, &c. which looks into a lane. On the side of the house opposite the grass plot, there is ground enough for a flower-garden, communicating with the front garden by a little walk.

“The whole place is situated on a kind of rampart, of a circular form, surrounded by a wall; which wall, towards the village and lane, is high, but covered with trees and shrubs;—the trees old and large,

giving a great deal of shade. Towards the country the wall is not higher than your knee, and this covered with bushes: from these open parts you have a view of a pretty cultivated country, till your eye is stopped by the Curragh. From our place there is a back way to these fields, so as to go out and walk, without having to do with the town.

“This, dearest mother, is the spot as well as I can give it you, but it don’t describe well\*; one must see it and feel it; it is all the little peeps and ideas that go with it that make the beauty of it to me. My dear wife dotes on it, and becomes it. She is busy in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her table and work-box, with the little one’s caps, are on the table. I wish my dearest mother was here, and the scene to me would be complete.

“I will now answer some of your dear letters.

\* I paid a visit to this spot some months since, and could trace only a few of the general features here described. Of the Lodge itself there are no remains, and the whole place is in a state of desolation.



\* \* \* \* \*

Pam is as well as possible, better than ever ; the only inconvenience she finds is great fulness, for which she was bled this morning, and it has done her a great deal of good. I can't tell you how delighted she was with your china, and how it adds to the little *ménage* ; it is beautiful, and your dear way of buying and giving it goes to my heart. What would I give to have you here drinking tea out of it ! Ogilvie flattered us with the prospect the last day we dined with him. If you do not come, we will go to you, when you think Pamela will bear it. I don't know how nursing and travelling do, but I should think, if the child should prove strong, it won't mind it.

“Parting with poor dear Frescati did make me melancholy, as well as the idea of your settling away from us ; but, certainly, there are good reasons for it. If you can once recover your money for Frescati, it will be a great object, and not be missed ; and then, after parting with it, I don't think you would like Ireland. I have tired you by this long scrawl. I have not said half I feel, for it is one of



those delightful days when one thinks and feels more than one can say or write.”

“ Kildare, July 19th, 1794.

“ Thank you for your account of the Henries. I had read the account of the eruption in the paper, and had been just saying to Pamela how lucky they were to be near Naples at that time, not thinking they had been in danger. I suppose, now the danger is over, they are glad to have seen it; and by the public accounts, I see very few people have been killed or hurt,—not so many as in a trifling skirmish in Flanders. I am glad you are enjoying yourself at Boyle farm. I dare say poor Henry thought of it in his fright, and wished himself there.

“ I have not stirred from this place since we came. I intend paying a visit for a day to Castletown or Carton next week. We have been busy here about the militia; the people do not like it much,—that is, the common people and farmers,—and even though Leinster has it, they do not thoroughly come into it, which I am glad of, as it shows they begin

not to be entirely led by names. I am sure, if any person else had taken it, it could not have been raised at all. It has required all his exertion to bring the people into it, in any manner, and they are not at all cordial to it. We are by no means so eager in this vile war as the people in England; and if it is not soon put a stop to in England, I am in hopes we shall take some strong measures against it here. Besides its wickedness and injustice, it is the very height of folly and madness, and at present there is much more likelihood of the French getting to Amsterdam than the combined armies to Paris.

“ I hear there is a talk of a change here in the ministry; but I do not know any thing for certain. Leinster comes here to-day, he will perhaps know something. It is said Ponsonby is to come in, and that there is to be a total removal of all the old set, with an offer to all the Opposition. When I see Leinster, I shall soon find how the wind sets in his quarter. I trust, though, that he will be stout, and have nothing to say to any of them. I know if he goes over, I shall *not* go with him; for my ob-

stinacy or perseverance grows stronger every day, and all the events that have passed, and are passing, but convince me more and more, that these two countries must see very strong changes, and *cannot* come to good, unless they do. I won't bore you any more with politics, dear mother, as I know you don't like them."

" 1794.

" DEAREST MOTHER,

\* \* \* \* \*

" I ought to thank you for all your kind thoughts about us, at this moment,—for your present of the *requisites*, which really helped us a great deal, and which you were quite right in supposing we had not thought of. Pam is going on as well as possible, strong, healthy, and in good spirits. We drive and walk every day: she never thinks of what is to come, I believe, or if she does, it is with great courage; in short, I never saw her, I think, in such good spirits. Seeing her thus makes me so, and I feel happy, and look forward with good hope. Thank God! I generally see all things in the best light.

“ I had a delightful letter from the girls at Hastings, one of the best letters I ever read,—so full of fun, wit, and humour, and every thing so well told. I have not answered it yet, and am almost afraid,—mine must be so stupid: for I confess Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas. By the by, what a melancholy house it is; you can’t conceive how much it appeared so, when first we came from Kildare; but it is going off a little. A poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought she was in a prison. Pam and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets, which, I believe, shocks poor \* \* a little. Poor soul! she is sometimes very low.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ My little place will be charming next year; this last month and the present would require my being there; but I must take care of the little young plant that is coming, which will give me great pleasure, I hope. Believe me, dearest, best mother, your affectionate

“ EDWARD.”

“ Dublin, October 20, 1794. |

“ The dear wife and baby go on as well as possible. I think I need not tell you how happy I am ; it is a dear little thing, and very pretty now, though at first it was quite the contrary. I did not write to you the first night, as Emily had done so. I wrote to M<sup>e</sup>. Sillery that night and to-day, and shall write her an account every day till Pam is able to write herself. I wish I could show the baby to you all—dear mother, how you would love it ! Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother’s arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, and the pretty looks she gives it.

“ By the by, dearest mother, I suppose you won’t have any objection to be its godmother, though I own I feel scrupulous, as you were so kind to her about her lying-in clothes ; and I do hate taking your poor guineas for such foolish nonsense ; but still I like, as there are such things, that it should be you. Charles Fox and Leinster are to be the godfathers. Pray ask Charles Fox if he has any objection ? Good bye, dear mother.



I am going to play a game of chess : there is a Sir George Shee here that plays very well : he and I play a good deal. Bless you, dear mammy. Love to the dear girls.

“ Your, &c.”

“ Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1794.

“ Thank God ! you are relieved from your anxiety for our dear Lucy. She has had a bad attack, dear soul ; but I hope now she will soon recover, and be better than ever, which was the case after that fever she had once before at Boyle farm. You have had a severe time of it, dear mother, but I hope now you will be repaid by seeing her recover.

“ I am sure it will be some comfort to you to hear that my dear wife goes on charmingly ; a most excellent nurse, and the little boy thriving. I do not see much likeness in him to any body : he has Pam’s chin, the eyes blue, but not like either of ours. However, at present one cannot say much, as he does not open them much. Pamela is to drive out the first fine day, and in two or three days after that we go to Carton. Little St.



George and Edward are to be christened at the same time. Thank you for standing godmother. How I long to show you the little fellow! and how I should like to be with you now, my dear mother, to comfort you and keep up your spirits, and occupy you a little by making you nurse my little boy!

“There is no news here about our lord-lieutenant, with which people were occupied for so long a while. For one, I was very indifferent about it; and, if any thing, am glad Lord Fitzwilliam does not come, as perhaps it may make some of our Opposition act with more spirit and determination. I think any people coming into the government of this country at present will have a hard task of it.

“Your affectionate, &c.”

“Dublin, Nov. 17th, 1794.

“Our accounts of our dear Lucy to-day are very uncomfortable and distressing; though I think not alarming, as it is all the regular progress of that kind of fever of which the danger is over, though her re-establishment will be tedious. But if the

accounts are distressing to us, how much must you suffer, who are a constant attendant on her, the dear soul! and who see all her sufferings, and all the changes of this tedious illness! I do feel for you, my dearest mother, from my heart, and for Ogilvie, and the dear girls.

“ I have been busy these few last days, preparing to go to the country. I have sent off dear Pam and the baby to-day, and follow to-morrow: they are both well—have been both out walking. Pam gets strong, and the little fellow fat and saucy: he has taken such a fancy for the candle, that it is almost impossible to make him sleep at night. A cradle he don’t like, and wants always to have his cheek on his mamma’s breast. He every day grows, I think, like me in his mouth and nose; but the eyes I don’t yet make out. Dearest mother, I try to give you details of things that will interest you; and if our dear Lucy is better, I know they will. It is terrible to have her thus: to have all that good-nature, softness, and gaiety subdued by sickness goes to one’s heart; but I hope, while I write this, she is better.

My dear mother, I should like to be with you, to comfort you and keep up your spirits.

“Your affectionate, &c.”

“Carton, Nov. 25th, 1794.

“A thousand times I wish you joy of the great amendment in our dearest Lucy’s health. Your letter took quite a load off my heart; for though I was not frightened after Mosely and Warren said she was out of danger, yet the having her still so ill and suffering made me very melancholy. Thank God! she is so much better, and of course, my dear mother, so much easier. Pray thank my dear Ciss for her letters. I will write in a day or two to her.

“We have been here a week. Pamela was not well for a day, but it was only a little bilious attack, and a ride or two on the pony quite put her right; she is now going on perfectly well, walks every day, gains her strength and good looks. The little fellow is delightful, improving every day, takes his walks, and, in short, is every thing we could wish; he must be taken great notice of, spoken to, and danced, or otherwise he is

not at all pleased. We are to stay here another week, then go to Castletown for a week, and return here for the christening, which is to be the 8th of next month. This keeps us ten days longer from home than we intended, which I am sorry for; but I did not like bringing the little fellow down to Kildare, and then having to change him again so soon as bringing him here on the 8th would have obliged me to do. So I make up the time between Castletown and this place; though, to tell you the truth, longing to get home.

“ My little place is much improved by a few things I have done, and by all my *planting*;—by the by, I doubt if I told you of my flower-garden,—I got a great deal from Frescati. I have been at Kildare since Pam’s lying-in, and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees,—but so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which look both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall door, with a lath paling, like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweetbrier, honey-

suckles, and Spanish broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers; so you may guess how I long to be down to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am down there with Pam and child, of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire, and a pleasant book,—coming in, after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled,—flower-beds and plants covered, for fear of frost,—the place looking comfortable, and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible; and sure I am I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother, and her not being of our party. It is, indeed, a drawback and a great one, our not being more together. Dear Malvern! how pleasant we were there: you can't think how this time of year puts me in mind of it. Love always your affectionate son,

“E. F.”

In reading these simple and,—to an almost feminine degree,—fond letters, it is impossible not to feel how strange and touching is the contrast, between those



pictures of a happy home which they so unaffectedly exhibit, and that dark and troubled sea of conspiracy and revolt into which the amiable writer of them, so soon afterwards, plunged; nor can we easily bring ourselves to believe that the joyous tenant of this little Lodge, the happy husband and father, dividing the day between his child and his flowers, could be the same man who, but a year or two after, placed himself at the head of rebel myriads, negotiated on the frontiers of France for an alliance against England, and but seldom laid down his head on his pillow at night without a prospect of being summoned thence to the scaffold or the field. The government that could drive such a man into such resistance—and there were hundreds equal to him in goodness, if not in heroism, so driven,—is convicted by this very result alone, without any further inquiry into its history.

Though his lordship had not, at this time, nor, indeed, for a year or two after, connected himself with the United Irish Association any further than by a common feeling in the cause, yet that the government



had seen reason, even thus early, to suspect him of being implicated in the conspiracy appears from a passage in the Report of the Secret Committee in 1799, where, among the persons who, it is stated, had, so early as the year 1794, rendered themselves obnoxious to such a suspicion, the name of his lordship is included.

Besides the well known republican cast of his opinions, and the complexion of the society he chiefly lived with, there was also a circumstance that no doubt came to the knowledge of those in authority which may have had no small share in inducing this suspicion. At the beginning of 1793, soon after the declaration of war against England, the ruling party in France had despatched an agent to Ireland, for the purpose of sounding and conferring with the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, and offering the aid of French arms for the liberation of their country. This emissary was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lord Edward, who, however, appears to have done nothing more towards the object of his mission than

to make him known to Mr. Simon Butler, Mr. Bond, and a few others of the party, by whom his proposal was, after all, so little countenanced that he returned, without effecting any thing towards his purpose, to France.

Very different was the feeling with which a proposal of the same kind was hailed, in the present year, after an increased pressure of coercion had been for some time in operation upon the people, and in proportion to the sullen tranquillity thus enforced over the surface of the public mind was the condensed purpose of revenge and ripeness for explosion underneath. Nor was there a want, even then, of forewarning voices to prognosticate the consequences of such a state of affairs ; and Sir Lawrence Parsons, among others, in urging upon ministers the necessity of being, at least, prepared for the event, told them, with awful truth, that they “ were sleeping on a volcano.” The person employed in this communication from France was the Reverend William Jackson, whose arrest soon after his arrival, while it put a stop to the immediate course of his mission, served its object

in a way hardly less important, by giving publicity to the purpose of his visit, and, for the first time, acquainting the people of Ireland, from any authentic source, that the eyes of France were upon them, and that the same powerful arm which was now, with restored strength and success, breaking asunder the chains of other lands, might, before long, reach theirs.

It does not appear that Lord Edward was among the persons whom Jackson, previous to his apprehension, conferred with; nor does Theobald Wolfe Tone, who has given a detailed account of the whole transaction, and was himself deeply implicated in it, make any mention of his lordship's name. Even apart, however, from this negative evidence, we are fully warranted in concluding that he who, to the last, as is well known, regarded French assistance with apprehension and jealousy, must have been among the slowest and most reluctant to sanction the first recurrence to it. His views, indeed, at the outset,—as far as I have been able to collect from some of his earliest friends,—did not extend so far as total separation from Eng-

land. Connected, as he was, by blood, with that country, and counting, as it proved, far too confidently on the present dispositions of the English towards change and reform, he looked, at first, rather to concert with them in the great cause of freedom, than to any thing like schism, and would, at the commencement of the struggle, have been contented with such a result as should leave the liberties of both countries regenerated and secured under one common head. This moderation of purpose, however, gradually gave way, as the hopes by which alone it could be sustained vanished. The rejection of the motions of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby for Reform had shut out all expectation of redress from the Irish government; while the tameness with which England, in her horror of Jacobinism, was, at this moment, crouching under the iron rule of Mr. Pitt, gave as little hope of a better order of things dawning from that quarter.

In the mean time, the United Irish Society of Dublin, whose meetings hitherto had been held openly, were, under the sanction of one of the new coercive mea-

asures, dispersed, as illegal ; and the whole body, thus debarred from the right of speaking out, as citizens, passed naturally to the next step, of plotting as conspirators. Even yet, however, it does not appear that the last desperate expedient, of recurring to force or to foreign aid, though urged eagerly by some, and long floating before the eyes of all, had entered seriously into the contemplation of those who were afterwards the chief leaders of the struggle ; nor can there, indeed, be any stronger proof of the reluctance with which these persons suffered themselves to be driven to such extremities than the known fact that, at the commencement of the year 1796, neither M'Nevin, nor Emmet, nor Arthur O'Connor, nor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had yet joined the ranks of the United Irishmen.

But a juncture was now at hand when, in the minds of all embarked in the cause, there could no longer remain a doubt that the moment had arrived when between unconditional submission and resistance lay their only choice, and when he who thought the rights they struggled for worth such a risk must “ set his life on the cast,” as



there was no longer any other chance of attaining them. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam was the event which, at once, brought the struggle to this crisis; and never, assuredly, was there a more insulting breach of faith flung deliberately in the face of a whole people. As if to render still more mischievous the disappointment that was about to be excited, all the preliminaries of the great measure of justice now announced to the Catholics were allowed to be proceeded in; nor was it till Mr. Grattan, under the full sanction of government, and with hardly a murmur of dissatisfaction from any part of the country, had obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the complete enfranchisement of the Roman Catholics, that the British minister stretched forth his hand and dashed the cup from their lips. In vain did Lord Fitzwilliam set forth the danger,—and he might have added, perfidy,—of now retracting the boon, and declare that “he, at least, would not be the person to raise a flame which nothing but the force of arms could put down.” The dark destiny of Ireland, as usual, triumphed:—with the choice before them



of either conciliating the people or lashing them up into rebellion, the British Cabinet chose the latter course\*, and Lord Fitzwilliam was, in evil hour, replaced by Lord Camden.

The natural effect of this change was to reinforce instantly the ranks of the United Irishmen with all that mass of discontent

\* That a Union was the ultimate object of this policy, the Duke of Portland at the time clearly avowed, declaring it as his opinion, in recommending Lord Fitzwilliam to retrace his steps on the Catholic question, that "it would be a means of doing a greater good to the British empire than it had been capable of receiving since the Revolution, or, at least, *since the Union*." With respect to the means through which they had made up their minds to wade to this measure, though not avowed at first, the design was, at a later period, acknowledged without scruple. "It has been said," remarked Mr. Grattan, in his speech on the subject of General Lake's proclamation, "that it were better the people should proceed to violence; nay, it has been said, in so many words, 'It were to be wished they did rebel.' Good God!—wished they would rebel! Here is the system and the principle of the system. From corruption to coercion, and so on to military execution, accompanied with a declaration that it were to be wished the people would go into rebellion!" The avowal, too, of Lord Castlereagh, in his examination of Dr. M'Nevin before the Secret Committee, that

generated by such a defiance of the public will; and we have it on the authority of the chief rebel leaders themselves, that out of the despair and disgust of this moment arose an immediate and immense accession of strength to their cause. Nor was it only in the increased numbers of the malcontents that the operation of this policy showed itself, but in the more daring extension of their plans and elevation of their aims. The Protestant reformer, whom a democratic House of Commons\* and the Eman-

*“means were taken to make the United Irish system explode,”* is no less conclusive evidence of the same disgraceful fact.

\* “We thought,” said Dr. M’Nevin, “one aristocratic body in the state sufficient.” It must be owned, however, that with such a system of representation as was proposed by the United Irishmen, no monarchy could go on. The following are some of the general provisions of their plan :

“That the nation, for the purpose of representation solely, should be divided into three hundred electorates, formed by a combination of parishes, and as nearly as possible equal in point of population.

“That each electorate should return one member to Parliament.

“That every male of sound mind, who has attained the age of 21 years, and actually dwelt or maintained a

cipation of his Catholic countrymen would once have satisfied, now driven to take a more advanced position in his demands, saw, with the Presbyterian, no chance but in separation and a Republic; while the Catholic, hitherto kept loyal by the sort of "gratitude that is felt for favours to come," and, between his new hopes and his old resentments, being, as it were, half courtier and half rebel, now baffled and insulted, threw his strength into the confederacy,—prepared doubly for mischief both by what had been given and what had been refused, the former arming him with power, and the latter leaving him revenge.

family establishment in any electorate for six months of the twelve immediately previous to the commencement of the election (provided his residence, or maintaining a family establishment be duly registered), should be entitled to vote for the representative of the electorate.

"That the votes of all electors should be given by voice, and not by ballot.

"That no property qualification should be necessary to entitle any man to be a representative.

"That representatives should receive a reasonable stipend for their services.

"That Parliaments should be annual."

Having traced thus far, as compendiously as my subject would admit of, the course of that rash and headlong current of events which marks this whole period of Irish history, and which could not otherwise than lead to the catastrophe we are now approaching, I shall, through the short remainder of my story, confine myself, as much as possible, to those public occurrences more immediately connected with Lord Edward himself, and with the part taken by him in that deep-laid and formidable conspiracy with which, about the period we have now reached, he, for the first time, connected himself;—a conspiracy which, however, judgments may vary as to the justifiableness of its grounds or aims, can admit, I think, but of one opinion with respect to the sagacious daring with which it was planned, and the perseverance, fidelity, and all but success, with which it was conducted.

From any great insight into the details of his private life we are henceforth shut out; as, from the moment he found himself embarked in so perilous an enterprise, he, as a matter of conscience, abstained from much

communication with his family, feeling it to be quite a sufficient infliction to keep them in alarm for his safety, without also drawing upon them suspicions that might endanger their own. After his arrival from England, he, for a short time, lived in some degree of style, keeping a fine stud of horses, and, as I have been told, displaying the first specimen of that sort of carriage, called a curricie, which had yet appeared in Dublin. On his removal, however, to the little Lodge at Kildare, he reduced his establishment considerably; and small as was his income,—never, I believe, exceeding eight hundred a year,—it would have been, for a person of his retired habits and temperate wants, amply sufficient. But the engrossing object that now engaged him,—to which safety, peace of mind and, at last, life was sacrificed,—absorbed likewise all his means; the advances he found it necessary to make for the exigences of the cause not only drawing upon his present resources, but also forcing him to raise supplies by loans with which his property was left encumbered.



It was about this time that there took place, on the Curragh of Kildare, a well-known rencontre between his lordship and some dragoon officers, which,—like most other well-known anecdotes that the biographer has to inquire into,—receives from every new relater a wholly different form. The following, however, are, as nearly as possible, the real circumstances of the transaction. Mr. Arthur O'Connor being, at that time, on a visit to his noble friend, they rode together, on one of the days of the races, to the Curragh,—Lord Edward having a green silk handkerchief round his neck. It was indeed his practice, at all times (contrary to the usual custom of that day), to wear a coloured silk neckcloth,—generally of that pattern which now bears the name of Belcher ; but, on the present occasion, he chose to wear the national and, at that time, obnoxious colour, green.

At the end of the race, having left the stand-house, in a canter, to return home, the two friends had not proceeded far before they found themselves overtaken by a party of from ten to a dozen officers, who,

riding past them in full gallop, wheeled round, so as to obstruct their passage, and demanded that Lord Edward should take off his green cravat. Thus accosted, his lordship answered coolly,—“Your cloth would speak you to be gentlemen; but this conduct conveys a very different impression. As to this neckcloth that so offends you, all I can say is,—here I stand: let any man among you, who dares, come forward and take it off.” This speech, pronounced calmly and deliberately, took his pursuers by surprise; and for a moment they looked puzzled at each other, doubtful how to proceed; when Mr. O’Connor, interposing, said, that if the officers chose to appoint two out of their number, Lord Edward and himself would be found, ready to attend their summons, at Kildare. The parties then separated, and during the two following days, Lord Edward and his friend waited the expected message. But no further steps were taken by these military gentlemen, on whose conduct rather a significant verdict was passed at a Curragh ball, shortly after, when it was agreed, as

I have heard, by all the ladies in the room not to accept any of them as partners.

It would appear to have been about the beginning of 1796 that Lord Edward first entered into the Society of United Irishmen. That he went through the usual form of initiation by an oath is not, I think, probable; for, as in the case of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, they dispensed with this condition, it is to be concluded that the same tribute to the high honour and trustworthiness of their initiate would be accorded also to Lord Edward. In the preceding year, as has been already mentioned, a great change had taken place both in the spirit and frame-work of the system of Union;—or, rather, an entirely new system was at that time constructed, on such remains of the old society as had, in the north and elsewhere, survived the operation of the Convention Act. The secrecy with which they were now obliged to invest their meetings made it necessary to add the solemn obligation of an oath to the simple Test which had hitherto bound them together; while an equally signi-

ficant change was the omission of certain words, from that Test, which had seemed to limit their views to a Reform "*in Parliament.*" The oath, as at present framed, pledged every member "to persevere in his endeavours to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland,"—thus leaving free scope for those more extended projects of change which no less their confidence in themselves than their despair of their rulers now suggested to them. The system, as hitherto constituted, had consisted but of individual societies, communicating with each other by delegates; nor had they, before this time, carried their organization any farther than to the appointment of a Committee for the county of Antrim which acted, occasionally, as Executive.

On the remodelling, however, of the association, in 1795, the new impulse given to its principle by the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the consequent increase of its numbers, called for a plan of organization more commensurate with the advance of the cause; and, for all the purposes, as well

of secrecy, as of concert and uniformity of action, it would be difficult, perhaps, to devise a plan more efficient than that which they adopted. In order to avoid the mixture of persons unknown to each other, it was fixed that no society should consist of more than twelve persons, and those, as nearly as possible, of the same street or neighbourhood. By each of these societies of twelve, a secretary was chosen, and the secretaries of five such societies formed a Committee, called the Lower Baronial. The next step in the scale was the Upper Baronial Committee, to constitute which ten Lower Baronials sent each a member; and above this rose again the District or County Committee, composed of one member chosen from each Upper Baronial.

Having provided, by these successive layers, as it were, of delegated authority, —each exercising a superintendence over that immediately below it,—for the organization of the several counties and populous towns, they next superadded, in each of the four provinces, a Provincial Committee, composed of two or, sometimes, three members elected from each of the County



Committees; and, lastly, came the Executive,—the apex of the system,—which consisted of five persons, chosen in such a manner from the Provincial Committees as to leave the members of the latter in entire ignorance as to the individuals selected. Over the whole body thus organized, the Executive possessed full command, and could transmit its orders with but little risk through the whole range of the Union,—one member of the Executive communicating them to one member of the Provincial Committee, and he again to the secretary of the County Committee, who, in like manner, passed them down through the secretaries of the Baronials, and these on to the secretaries of the subordinate societies.

The facility with which it was found that this plan, though designed, at first, for a purely civil organization, could be transferred, without change of its structure, to military purposes rendered it a doubly formidable engine in the hands that now directed it. The secretary of each subordinate society of twelve was transformed easily into a sergeant or corporal; the de-

legate of five societies to a Lower Baronial became a captain with sixty men under his command, and the delegate of ten Lower Baronials to a County or District Committee took rank as a colonel at the head of a battalion of six hundred men.

Though there had been, from time to time, since the breaking out of the war with France, attempts made by individuals who passed secretly between the two countries to bring about an understanding between the United Irishmen and the French Directory, it was not till early in the year 1796 that any regular negotiation was entered into for that purpose: and the person who then took upon himself the office,—an office, unluckily, not new in diplomacy,—of representing the grievances of Ireland at the court of England's enemy, was Theobald Wolfe Tone, the banished Secretary of the Catholic Committee, who had, early in the year, sailed from America to France on this mission, and whose Diary of the whole course of his negotiations has been some time before the public. To this book I must refer the

reader for particulars, adding only my opinion, that there are few works, whether for the matter or the manner, more interesting; —the character of the writer himself presenting the most truly Irish mixture of daring in design and light-heartedness in execution; while the sense of awe with which it is impossible not to contemplate a mission pregnant with such consequences, is for ever relieved by those alternate flashes of humour and sentiment with which only a temperament so national could have enlivened or softened such details. The whole story, too, is full of ominous warning to Great Britain, as showing how fearfully dependent upon winds and waves may, even yet, be her physical hold upon Ireland, unless timely secured by those moral ties which good government can alone establish between a people and their rulers.

In consequence of Tone's representations of the state of feeling in Ireland, confirmed and enforced by more recent intelligence, it was, in the spring of the present year, intimated to the person then directing the

Irish Union \*, that the French government were disposed to assist them, by an invasion of Ireland, in their plan of casting off the English yoke and establishing a Republic. Having taken this proposal seriously into consideration, the Irish Executive returned for answer that “they accepted the offer, on condition that the French would come as allies only, and consent to act under the direction of the new government, as Rochambeau did in America ;—that, upon the same principle, the expenses of the expedition must be reimbursed, and the troops, while acting in Ireland, receive Irish pay.” This answer was despatched to Paris by a special messenger, who returned with the Directory’s full assent to the terms, and a promise that the proffered succours should be sent without delay.

After tracing, as I have done briefly, some few pages back, the progress of Ireland’s struggles for Emancipation and Re-

\* The new system of organization had not, as yet, been carried into complete effect any where but in Ulster, the Executive Committee of which province, holding its sittings at Belfast, managed at this time the interests of the whole Union.

form down to the period when all moderation was evidently cast off by both parties, and a course of warfare commenced between the State and the people, it was my intention, as I have there stated, not to enter into any of those further measures of the government which were, in fact, but a continuation of the same system of coercion they had begun, only increasing, with each new turn of the screw, the intensity of the pressure. A Bill, however, brought in this session,—the memorable Insurrection Act,—must, from the part Lord Edward took in its discussion, receive a passing notice. In opposing (Feb. 2d) one of the Resolutions on which the Bill was to be founded, his lordship declared it to be his opinion, that “nothing would tranquillize the country but the sincere endeavour of the government to redress the grievances of the people. If that was done, the people would return to their allegiance;—if not, he feared that neither Resolutions nor Bills would be of any avail \*.”

\* The language of others (who however, luckily for themselves, went no farther than language—who “spoke daggers, but used none”) was yet more strong. Mr. Pon-



In order to settle all the details of their late agreement with France, and, in fact, enter into a formal treaty with the French Directory, it was thought of importance, by the United Irishmen, to send some agent, whose station and character should, in the

sonby declared that the Insurrection Bill, if continued, would be the grave of the Constitution. Sir Lawrence Parsons, in speaking of the clause against persons selling seditious papers, said, "that if the most arbitrary spirits through the whole kingdom had been brought together, with the most studious selection, to compose an arbitrary law against the liberty of the press, they could scarcely have devised any thing more destructive than this:—and yet this was but a subordinate part of the present Bill." Mr. Duquerry, at a later period of the year, accused the ministers of "goading the people into resistance;" and Mr. Grattan, in adverting to an assertion of Mr. Secretary Pelham, "that the exclusion of Catholics from the parliament and the state was necessary for the crown and the connexion," said, "Eternal and indefeasible proscription! denounced by a minister of the crown against three-fourths of his Majesty's subjects. . . . . But, the member may rely on it, the Catholic,—the Irish will not long submit to such an interdict; they will not suffer a stranger to tell us on what proud terms English government will consent to rule in Ireland, still less to pronounce and dictate the incapacity of the natives as the terms of her dominion, and the base condition of our connexion and allegiance."

eyes of their new allies, lend weight to his mission; and to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the no less delicate than daring task was assigned. It being thought desirable, too, that he should have the aid, in his negotiations, of the brilliant talents and popular name of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, they requested likewise the services of that gentleman, who consented readily to act in concert with his friend.

About the latter end of May, accompanied only by his lady, who was then not far from the period of her confinement, Lord Edward set out from Dublin on his perilous embassy,—passing a day or two in London, on his way, and, as I have been informed by a gentleman who was of the party, dining, on one of those days, at the house of Lord \* \* \* \*, where the company consisted of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and several other distinguished Whigs,—all, persons who had been known to concur warmly in every step of the popular cause in Ireland, and to whom, if Lord Edward did not give some intimation of the object of his present journey, such an effort of reserve and secrecy was, I must say, very

unusual in his character. From London his lordship proceeded to Hamburgh, and had already begun to treat with Rheynhart, the French agent at that place, when he was joined there by Mr. O'Connor. Seeing reason, however, to have some doubts of the trust-worthiness of this person, they discontinued their negotiation with him, and, leaving Lady Edward at Hamburgh, proceeded together to Basle, where, through the medium of the agent Barthelomeu, they opened their negotiation with the French Directory.

It was now known that General Hoche, the late conqueror and pacificator of La Vendée, was the officer appointed to take the command of the expedition to Ireland; and the great advantage of holding personal communication, on the subject, with an individual on whom the destinies of their country so much depended, was fully appreciated by both friends. After a month's stay at Basle, however, it was signified to them that to Mr. O'Connor alone would it be permitted to meet Hoche as a negotiator,—the French Government having objected to receive

Lord Edward, “lest the idea should get abroad, from his being married to Pamela, that his mission had some reference to the Orleans family.” Independently of this curious objection, it appears to have been strongly impressed upon Lord Edward by some of his warmest friends that he should, on no account, suffer his zeal in the cause to induce him to pass the borders of the French territory.

Leaving to Mr. O'Connor, therefore, the management of their treaty with Hoche, whom the French Directory had invested with full powers for the purpose, Lord Edward returned to Hamburgh,—having, unluckily, for a travelling companion, during the greater part of the journey, a foreign lady who had been once the mistress of an old friend and official colleague of Mr. Pitt, and who was still in the habit of corresponding with her former protector. Wholly ignorant of these circumstances, Lord Edward, with the habitual frankness of his nature, not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, but afforded some clues, it is said, to the secret of his present

journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend.

After his interview with Mr. O'Connor, Hoche hastened, with all privacy, to Paris, to inform the Directory of the result; and the zeal with which his own ambitious spirit had already taken up the cause being still more quickened by the representations of the state of Ireland he had just received, an increased earnestness and activity were soon visible in every branch of the preparations for the expedition. It was at this time that the indefatigable Tone first saw the destined leader of that enterprise which had, for so long a time, been the subject of all his thoughts and dreams,—that Avatar to which he had so long looked for the liberation of his country, and which was now, as he thought, to be accomplished in the person of this Chief. The conversations that passed between them are detailed in Tone's Diary; and it is not unamusing to observe how diplomatically the young general managed to draw from Tone all that he knew or thought, con-



cerning Lord Edward and Mr. O'Connor, without, in the least degree, betraying his own recent negotiation with them. "Hoche then asked me (says Tone), 'did I know Arthur O'Connor?' I replied, 'I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism.' He asked me, 'Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?' I replied, 'He made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that House.' 'Well,' said he, 'will he join us?' I answered, 'I hoped, as he was *foncièrement Irlandais*, that he undoubtedly would.' Hoche then went on to say, 'There is a Lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing, as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made of),—he is son to a Duke; is he not a patriot?' I immediately recognized my friend Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him."

Hoche had pledged himself that, in the course of the autumn, the expedition should sail; and, as far as the military

part of the preparations was concerned, it appears that in the month of September all was ready. But, from various delays and difficulties, interposed chiefly by the Department of the Marine, it was not till the 15th of December that this noble armament sailed from Brest, consisting of 17 sail of the line, 13 frigates, and an equal number of transports, making in all 43 sail, and having on board an army of near 15,000 men.

It was the opinion of Napoléon, as recorded somewhere in his *Conversations*, that, had Hoche landed with this fine army in Ireland, he would have been successful: and, taking into account the utterly defenceless state of that country, as well as the certainty that an immense proportion of the population would have declared for the invaders, it is not too much to assert that such would, in all probability, have been the result. For six days, during which the shattered remains of their fleet lay tossing within sight of the Irish shore, not a single British ship of war made its appearance; and it was also as-

serted, without being met by any contradiction, in the House of Commons, that such was the unprotected state of the South, at that moment, that, had but 5000 men been landed at Bantry\*, Cork must have fallen.

\* There were, *after* this event, batteries erected at Bantry ; but, owing to the great extent of the bay, it appears that no batteries, without the aid of a considerable force, could prevent a landing at this point. It was the opinion of Sir Ralph Abercrombie that the Shannon and Galway were the most assailable parts of the island ; and the same opinion, as regards Galway, had been before advanced in a curious pamphlet “On the Defence of Ireland” (by Colonel Keating, I believe), published in 1795. “Of the many parts,” says this writer, “of the island where landing in great force is possible, Galway is the most practicable, because the navigation is most favourable, as also that the enemy could keep us longer in suspense as to his real point of attack ; besides the peculiar advantages that bay offers, the excellent posts its shores afford, and the peculiar facility with which an advance into, and conquest of, first the province of Connaught, and subsequently of the whole kingdom might be effected.”

Dr. MacNeven, in his Memoir laid before the French Directory, recommended Oyster Haven, as the best place of debarkation in the South, and Lough Swilly in the North.

But while, in all that depended upon the foresight and watchfulness of their enemy, free course was left to the invaders, both by sea and land, in every other point of view such a concurrence of adverse accidents, such a combination of all that is most thwarting in fortune and in the elements, no expedition, since the Armada, had ever been doomed to encounter. Not to mention the various difficulties that for near a month delayed their embarkation, during the whole of which time the wind blew direct for Ireland, on the very first night of their departure a seventy-four of the squadron struck upon the rocks and was lost; and, at the same time, the frigate, *La Fraternité*, on board which, by an inexplicably absurd arrangement, were both the General in Chief of the Army and the Admiral, was separated from the rest of the squadron, and saw no more of them till their return to Brest. To the inauspiciousness of this commencement, every succeeding day added some new difficulty, till, at length, after having been no less than four times dispersed by fogs and foul weather, the remains of the armament

found themselves off Bantry Bay, the object of their destination, reduced from 43 sail to 16, and with but 6,500 fighting men on board.

Even then had some more daring spirit presided over their movements\*, a landing with the force that remained would have been hazarded, and, considering the unguarded state of the country, at the moment, with every chance of success. Fortunately, however, for the rulers of Ireland, General Grouchy, who had succeeded Hoche in the command, hesitated at such a responsibility†; and, after a day or two lost in idly cruising off the Bay, such a tremendous gale set in, right from shore, as rendered a landing impracticable, and again scattered them over

\* “Si, du moins la présence d’esprit des commandans secondaires pouvait suppléer à l’absence du Chef. Mais non; éloignés de Hoche, ils semblent avoir perdu toutes leurs facultés.”—*Vie de Lazare Hoche*.

† At this anxious moment, Tone, who was on board, writes in his Diary,—“At half after one, the Atalante, one of our missing corvettes, hove in sight, so now again we are in hopes to see the General. Oh, if he were in Grouchy’s place, he would not hesitate one moment.”



the waters. Nothing was left, therefore, but to return, how they could, to France; and, of all this formidable armament, but four ships of the line, two frigates, and one lugger, arrived together at Brest; while Hoche himself, who, in setting out, had counted so confidently on the success of the expedition, that one of his last acts had been to urge on the Directory the speedy outfit of a second\*, found himself obliged, after an equally fruitless visit to Bantry Bay, to make his way back to France, not having seen a single sail of his scattered fleet the whole time, and being at last indebted to a small chaloupe for putting him on shore, in the middle of the night, about a league from La Rochelle.

This narrow escape, not alone of invasion, but, perhaps, actual conquest, for which Ireland was now indebted to chance and the elements, would, if read aright,

\* “Sa dernière pensée, en quittant la terre, est toute remplie déjà du désir de la seconde expédition,—tant il est sur du succès de la première. Sa dernière parole au Directoire est pour recommander à sa sollicitude le second départ.”—*Vie de Hoche*.

have proved a warning, as useful as it was awful, to each of the two parties on whose heads rested the responsibility of having drawn down on their country so fearful a visitation. That confidence in the inviolability of their shores which the people of the British isles had, under the guardianship of their navy, been so long accustomed to indulge, was now startled from its security by the incontestable fact, that, with two British fleets in the Channel, and an Admiral stationed at Cork, the coasts of Ireland had been, a whole fortnight, at the mercy of the enemy. With such a proof before their eyes of the formidable facility with which the avenger could appear at the call of the wronged, it was, even yet, not too late for the government to pause in the harsh system which they had adopted,—to try whether concession might not make friends of those whom force could hardly keep subjects, and thus disarm of his worst terrors the enemy, from without, by depriving him of his alliance with the malcontent within.

On the other hand, that large portion of

the nation, so long at issue with their rulers, whose impatience under insults and wrongs,—some of them of the date of centuries,—had thus driven them to seek the arbitrement of a foreign sword, could not but see, in the very shape which this interposition had assumed, enough to alarm them as to the possible consequences of the alternative they had chosen. Instead of the limited force which they had asked—a limitation which Lord Edward, among others, would have made the condition of their accepting any aid whatever,—they saw a powerful armament sent forth, under one of the Republic's most aspiring generals,—one equal to Napoleon himself in ambition and daring, and second only to him in the endowments that ensure to these qualities success;—nor could those among them, who sought singly and sincerely the independence of their country, refrain from harbouring some fear, that auxiliaries thus presenting themselves came not so much to befriend a part of the population as to make a conquest of the whole.

Such were the considerations and warn-

ings which must now have occurred to the minds of thinking men of both parties, and which ought to have disposed them earnestly to avail themselves of whatever sense of their common danger had been awakened, to bring about such a compromise of their differences as should benefit alike both the governing and the governed, and by making the people more free render the throne more secure. And it is to the honour of those whose cause, however mixed up with a “worser spirit,” was still essentially the great cause of freedom and tolerance\*, and had on its side the inextinguishable claims of right against wrong, that by them alone were any steps, at this juncture, taken towards such a reconciliation of the State and the People to each other. After

\* In conversing, once, with Mr. Flood on the subject of the civil war between Charles I. and his people, Lord Chatham said, “There was mixed with the public cause, in that struggle, ambition, sedition, and violence; but no man will persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on one side and of tyranny on the other.” The same may be said, with no less truth, of the struggle in Ireland at this period.

the failure of the expedition, the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, acting, no doubt, upon such views of the crisis as I have above supposed, held a communication with the principal members of Opposition in Parliament, and professed their readiness to co-operate in affording the government one more chance of reclaiming, even yet, the allegiance of the people, by consenting to even so modified a measure of Reform as their legitimate representatives in Parliament might think it prudent to propose.

A Bill to this effect was, in consequence, prepared by Mr. Ponsonby\*, and we have

\* The leading features of this plan of Reform are contained in the following Resolutions :—

“ That it is indispensably necessary to a fundamental Reform of the Representation that all disabilities, on account of religion, be for ever abolished, and that Catholics shall be admitted into the legislature, and all the great offices of state, in the same extent, &c. as Protestants now are.

“ That it is the indispensable right of the people of Ireland to be fully and fairly represented in Parliament.

“ That, in order that the people may be fully enabled





and that they would have no business a second time to attempt a landing\*.”

I have dwelt thus long on the circumstances connected with this first attempt at invasion, both on account of the share taken by Lord Edward in the negotiations which led to it, and because the hope of a reconciliation that then so fleetingly presented itself afforded a brief resting-place whereon we might pause and contemplate the relative positions of the two parties engaged in the struggle. It was soon seen that all hopes of a change of policy in the government, except from bad to worse, were utterly fallacious. Whether conciliatory measures might yet have averted the conflict must be a question of mere conjecture; but that the reverse system drove the country into rebellion, and nearly severed it from England, has become matter of history. In the train of the Insurrection Act and the Indemnity Bill, soon followed, as the natural course of such legislation, the suspension of the Habeas

\* Memoir delivered to the Irish Government by Messrs. Emmet, O'Connor, and MacNeven.

Corpus Act, inquisitorial tribunals under the name of Secret Committees, and, lastly, Martial Law, with all its frightful accompaniments of free quarters, burnings, picketings to extort confession, and every other such infliction.

To talk of Reform to a government launched in such a career seemed little less than mockery. But, as a last assertion of principles which, had they been acted upon, would have saved all this ruin, the Opposition party in Parliament thought it due to themselves to bring forward their measure\*. Once more was the wise eloquence

\* That the Present is seldom more than a mere echo of the Past is a remark of which the following passage from Mr. Grattan's Answer to a Pamphlet of Lord Clare, affords strong illustration. The same objections to Reform, and the same answers to them, are as rife and ready in 1831 as in 1797. "It was objected, first, that the plan did not give satisfaction,—in that the most vehement partisans of Parliamentary Reform had signified their disapprobation; secondly, that the plan opened the way to another plan, or to the project of personal representation. It became highly expedient, therefore, before any other plan was submitted to the consideration of Parliament, to be able to assure that august body, that such plan would give general

of Grattan heard above the storm,—but as unavailing as folly itself, in its hour of triumph, could desire. “First subdue and then reform” was the sole answer he received from those, who, he well knew, could only be trusted for the *former* of these two processes. After a firm and final protest against the whole system now pursued, this illustrious man, followed by the small minority that yet remained, withdrew, in disgust, from the House, leaving the government,—as now reprobate beyond all hope,—to itself, and thus adding his own and his party’s despair to that of the nation. The effects of this secession upon the minds of the people were rendered still more impressive by the refusal of Mr. Grattan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald to stand candidates at the ensuing election; and such language as the following, which

satisfaction, and put an end to the project of personal representation. The persons concerned in the forming that plan did accordingly obtain from the North of Ireland, and, moreover, from the advocates of personal representation, authority to declare in Parliament that, if the plan of 1797 should pass, they would rest satisfied.”

occurs in one of Mr. Grattan's addresses on the subject \*, shows that, to whatever degree he may have blamed some of the acts of those leagued against government, his every feeling went thoroughly and unreservedly with their cause. "When the country is put down, the press destroyed, and public meetings, for the purpose of exercising the right of petition, are threatened and dispersed, I agree with you that a general election is no more than an opportunity to exercise, by permission of the army, the solitary privilege of returning a few representatives of the people to a House occupied by the representatives of boroughs."

In the mean time, while these events were taking place, negotiations had been again opened between the government of France and the Chiefs of the United Irishmen ; and the latter, thinking it expedient

\* It was from this Address that Mr. Isaac Corry read some extracts in the course of that violent speech which gave rise to the duel between him and Mr. Grattan in 1800,—arguing that they "preached the doctrine of insurrection under the name of liberty, and led to the rebellion that followed."



for the purpose of more regular communication, to have a resident representative in Paris, despatched thither, in the spring of this year, Mr. E. J. Lewines, with powers to act as their accredited minister to the French Republic. This gentleman was also instructed to negotiate, if possible, a loan of half a million, or £300,000 with either France or Spain.

Somewhat later in the year an agent was, it appears, sent over by the French Directory to collect information respecting the state of Ireland; but being unable, for want of the necessary passports, to proceed any further than London, he wrote to request that some confidential member of the Union should be sent thither to meet him, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as being most competent to give intelligence respecting the military preparation of the country, was the person despatched with that view.

So impatient were the people of the North, at this moment, to rise, that it was with difficulty the Chiefs of the Union succeeded in restraining them; and it was only by assurances of a speedy aid from France, such as should put success beyond

peril, that the United Irishmen of Ulster, amounting then to no less than 100,000 men, organised and regimented, could be prevented from rising. To press, therefore, the despatch of the succours from France was now the great object of the Irish Executive, and, in the month of June, one of the most active of their body, Dr. MacNeven, set out on a special mission to Paris for that purpose. He found the French authorities, notwithstanding the delusive negotiations which, with the professed object of peace, they were about to enter into with England, fully disposed to second his most hostile views. It was, however, by the Batavian Republic that the honour had now been claimed of taking the lead in an expedition for the invasion of Ireland; and a powerful armament had been accordingly collected at the Texel, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and twenty-seven sail of transports, carrying a land force to the amount of near fourteen thousand men. And here again we see the good genius of England interposing to avert from her the deserved consequences of her own Tory councils. Had this great

armament been in readiness but a few weeks sooner, when the mutinies of the English fleets had left the sea open, and even a part of the very squadron now watching off the Texel had deserted to the mutineers,—could the invader have taken advantage of that most critical moment, when not only a rebel army would have received him on the shores of Ireland, but a mutineer fleet, most probably, joined him in her waters,—what a change might then have been wrought in the destinies of the British Empire!

Fortunately, however, for that empire the chances determined otherwise. Having let pass the favourable moment which the difficulties of England presented, the Dutch fleet was, from the beginning of July, locked up by a long course of adverse winds in the Texel; till, at length, the provisions laid in for the expedition being nearly exhausted, it was found necessary to disembark the troops; and the Dutch government having, by a rashness of resolve for which no intelligible motive has ever been assigned, ordered their admiral to put to sea and engage the British fleet, that memorable

action ensued, off Camperdown, which terminated, as is well known, in one of the most splendid victories that have ever adorned the annals of Great Britain.

Meanwhile affairs in Ireland were hurrying to their crisis; and events and scenes crowded past, in fearful succession, of which, —if personal feelings may be allowed to mingle themselves with such a narrative, —so vivid is my own recollection, I could not trust myself to dwell upon them. Though then but a youth in college, and so many years have since gone by, the impression of horror and indignation which the acts of the government of that day left upon my mind is, I confess, at this moment, far too freshly alive to allow me the due calmness of a historian in speaking of them. Not only had I myself, from early childhood, taken a passionate interest in that struggle which, however darkly it ended, began under the bright auspices of a Grattan, but among those young men whom, after my entrance into college, I looked up to with most admiration and regard, the same enthusiasm of national feeling prevailed. Some of them, too, at the time of

terror and torture I am now speaking of, were found to have implicated themselves far more deeply in the popular league against power than I could ever have suspected; and these I was now doomed to see, in their several ways, victims,—victims of that very ardour of patriotism which had been one of the sources of my affection for them, and in which, through almost every step but the last, my sympathies had gone along with them.

One,—considerably my senior, and *not* in the university,—who, by his industry and taste in collecting old Irish airs, and the true, national expression with which he performed them on the flute, contributed to nurse in me a strong feeling for our country's music, is now, if he be still alive, languishing in exile\*. Another, whose

\* When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to this gentleman in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and ex-



literary talents and mild, manly character gave every promise of a bright, if not splendid career, was, under the ban of a collegiate sentence which incapacitated him from all the learned professions, driven to a line of employment the least congenial to his tastes, where, through the remainder of a short, amiable life, his fine talents lay useless; while a third, young Emmet, but escaped with the same branding sentence to be reserved for that most sad, but memorable, doom to which despair, as well of himself as of his country, at last drove him\*.

pecting every week his own turn to come. As painting was one of his tastes, I found that, to amuse his solitude, he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp, which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies:—

“ ’Twas a Syren of old,” &c.

\* As, in England, by a natural and, at one time, no very calumnious mistake, the term “rebel” is looked upon as synonymous with “Catholic,” it may be as well to mention that these three young men were (like most of the leading persons of the conspiracy) Protestants.

Of this latter friend, notwithstanding his own dying entreaty that the world would extend to him "the charity of its silence\*," I cannot deny myself the gratification of adding a few words, conscious that, at least, the *spirit* of his wish will not be violated in them. Were I to number, indeed, the men, among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine, in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from

\* "The grave opens to receive me:—all I ask of the world is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as none who knows my motives, dares justify them, so let none who is ignorant of them dare to asperse them. Let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory." I quote these sentences from recollection, and the noble speech of which they form a part, was delivered by him, before receiving sentence, in his most animated and energetic manner, after having stood through a harassing trial of twelve hours' duration.

To the passage of this speech just quoted (and *not*, as is sometimes supposed, to any thing connected with Lord Edward Fitzgerald), the Irish Melody beginning, "Oh breathe not his name," was intended to allude.

the follies and frailties of youth,—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterwards proved,—the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed, at this time, the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom which, in him, was an hereditary as well as national feeling,—himself being the second martyr his father had given to the cause.

Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manner indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings and,—through them,—his intellect in motion that he, at all, rose above the level of ordinary men. On no occasion was this more peculiarly striking than in those displays of oratory with which, both in the Debating, and the Historical, Society, he so often enchained the attention and sympathy of his young audience. No two individuals, indeed, could be much more unlike to each other than was the same youth to himself, *before* rising to speak, and *after*;—the brow

that had appeared inanimate and almost drooping at once elevating itself in all the consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired.

Of his oratory, it must be recollected, I speak from youthful impressions; but I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier or (what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence) purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power, as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught up every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract at last seriously the attention of the Fellows; and by their desire one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet, and endeavouring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence.

Such, in heart and mind, was another of those devoted men, who with gifts that would have made them the ornaments and supports of a well-regulated community,

were yet driven to live the lives of conspirators and die the death of traitors, by a system of government which it would be difficult even to think of with patience, did we not gather a hope from the present aspect of the whole civilized world, that such a system of bigotry and misrule can never exist again.

With Lord Edward I could have no opportunity of forming any acquaintance, but remember (as if it had been but yesterday) having once seen him, in the year 1797, in Grafton-street,—when, on being told who he was, as he passed, I ran anxiously after him, desirous of another look at one whose name had, from my school-days, been associated in my mind with all that was noble, patriotic and chivalrous. Though I saw him but this once, his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh, healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long dark eyelashes, are as present and familiar to my memory as if I had intimately known him. Little did I then think that, at an interval of four-and-thirty years from thence,—an interval equal to the whole span of his life



at that period,—I should not only find myself the historian of his mournful fate, but (what to many will appear matter rather of shame than of boast) with feelings so little altered, either as to himself or his cause.

Trusting that I shall meet with pardon from my reader, not so much for the digressiveness of these last few pages,—which can hardly, perhaps, be said to have much wandered from the subject,—as for the more than due share of their contents that relate personally to myself, I shall now proceed with the narrative which I had been thus tempted to interrupt.

END OF VOL. I.

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